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SLANDER.

BY J. H.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet, the fair good name was wilted,
And friends, once fond, grew cold and stilted,
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper, one,
That muttered low for very shame,
The thing, the slanderer dare not name—
And yet its work was done.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

I SHALL think I have grieved you if you look like that," said Irene.

"You have puzzled me," confessed the Earl.

"I was afraid I should," she replied regretfully.

"My heart was at rest when our choice fell upon you," said the Earl; "but, as a matter of course the aspect of affairs is now quite changed."

Then Irene clasped her white hands and laid them upon his.

"I have not told you quite all yet," she said; "there is something more; and this is, I think, the very worst."

"Let me hear it," said the Earl.

A smile brightened her eyes and curved her beautiful lips.

She was so proud of her ambitious lover that she believed the slightest detail that concerned him to be of the utmost importance.

"It is nothing very dreadful," she said—"only this—that, setting aside what you may think about the wisdom or folly of my choice, I am not at all sure what Arran will say as to the future planned for me."

"Tell me frankly one thing," said the Earl; "do you consider that your first duty is to your lover, and not to me?"

"My first duty" echoed Irene. "Oh, yes, Lord Cradoc! I can have no doubt about that."

"That is candid," said the Earl.

"When you spoke yesterday about the succession," observed Irene, "I was too excited to think of anything; but I must tell you now that I doubt much whether Arran would quite agree to the terms proposed.

"He is more than Liberal in his views—he is a Radical; and that is the reason why he has quarrelled with his uncle, Sir William Darleigh."

"A Radical!" cried the Earl. "Heaven bless me, child, what next? You cannot mean that you entertain the idea of marrying a Radical?"

"Not one particular Radical, Lord Cradoc—no other," she replied.

"A Radical!" repeated the Earl. "I am not a rabid politician; but I cannot understand this."

"You should hear him, Lord Cradoc!" she cried exultingly.

"If you heard Arran talk about politics, I believe you would soon be a Radical too."

"No, my dear," said the Earl, with an irrepressible shudder, "not quite that."

She had lost all fear now; the Earl was so gentle that she was quite at her ease.

"Arran says," she continued, "that he shall get into Parliament some day, and that then he will advocate the rights of the people."

"Heaven bless me!" cried the Earl. "The people have quite as many rights as are good for them.

"Who could have foreseen such a thing as this?

"Then you really fear, Irene, that this Radical lover of yours will not consent to merge his identity in the House of Cradoc; that he will prefer to keep his own name and make it famous by his exertions, to having a wealthy wife; that to him as a Radical, our grand old motto, 'I hold what I held,' would be a subject of derision?"

"Precisely," she replied.

"You have expressed exactly what I mean, but far more clearly than I could have conveyed it."

"Irene," asked the Earl abruptly, "can you not give him up?"

"No, no, no!" she replied. "I could yield up my life more easily."

"I do not see what is to be done," he declared.

"My dear child with the whole wide world to choose from, how came you to make this extraordinary choice?"

"It was my fate," she replied. "I could not control it."

"And," he said, "would you honestly rather give up the fortune I have offered to you than your lover?"

"Undoubtedly," she answered. "Not that I undervalue your offer, or do not appreciate the trust and confidence you have placed in me; but my love is my life. My faith is pledged; I cannot break it. Besides, if I were false to Arran, I should in all probability be false to you."

He looked keenly for a few minutes at the beautiful face that was all aglow.

He thought to himself how nobly steadfast she was, what an incomparable mistress she would make for Poole, how tenaciously she would guard its interests, how safe the honor of the Cradocs would be in her hands.

"That is true logic, Lord Cradoc, is it not?" she asked, with a smile.

"I suppose so, my dear; but it is very unfortunate logic for me," he replied, "I do not see how we are to reconcile these contradictory matters at all. I am perplexed; I must have time to think."

"You are not angry with me?" she said.

"Angry?

"No, dear child.

"Unfortunately, I can only admire your constancy; but I do not see what is to be done."

She bent her beautiful face down to his, with a pleading look that was quite irresistible—a look that made the Earl's heart beat.

"I will tell you what I consider would be the best thing for you to do, Lord Cradoc," she said.

"Promise me not to think me very impertinent for suggesting it."

"I could never think that of you," he replied.

"What do you suggest, Irene?"

"That you should ask Arran here to Poole and judge him for yourself," she said.

"There is a bold preparation!"

"It is a very practical one," remarked the Earl.

"I will think it over, I suppose you fancy I shall find him as irresistible as you have found him, Irene?"

"I think you will like him.

"He is of a very different type from the men who visit here, such as Sir Arthur, Sir Trevor, or even the Duke of Spalding; and I know you would appreciate him. What more there is to be said, Lord Cradoc must pass between you and him.

"While I am willing to comply with all the conditions you have laid down, I cannot answer for my lover; and whatever he thinks right will be so in my eyes."

"Then you would sacrifice me and all my wishes to him?" said the Earl sorrowfully.

"That is not a fair way of meeting it. I must do my duty to him who has the first claim upon me.

"How could you ever trust me if I were false to my love?

"Loving almost without hope, as I have done, has but made me more constant. Do you remember a verse that I sang for you once, Lord Cradoc?——

" 'Tired out we are, my heart and I.
Suppose this world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child or God's blue heaven:
We feel so tired, my heart and I.'

That expresses exactly what I feel. I cannot tell you how I long for rest in the companionship of my love.

"Ah, Lord Cradoc, you, who loved your brave boys so well, would not have liked one of them to wear his heart away waiting hoping against hope!

"Ask Arran here, Lord Cradoc, and judge him for yourself.

"Will you?"

The Earl smiled graciously.

"I must well consider the matter before I promise," he said.

"I will let you know to-morrow; and, Irene, to be frank with you, I must speak to Lady Ryeford about it."

"I suppose you must," she allowed. "But mamma will not hesitate to do her best to prejudice you against Arran, and she will influence you."

"I think not.

"I do not fancy I am easily influenced, except by such witches as Daphne and you; and with you no man has a chance. I must speak to Lady Ryeford.

"It would be a breach of good manners for me to ask a discarded suitor of yours here without her permission."

"She will never give it," said Irene sadly.

"You do not know how tenacious mamma can be when she chooses.

"Dear Lord Cradoc, you will help me—you will be my friend? You cannot refuse me."

"I do not refuse; but I must have time to consider.

"Hurried action is seldom wise. I must say one thing to you, Irene, before you go.

"I admire you far more for your fearless honesty than for your beauty and personal gifts.

"After this, let the difficulty end as it may, we shall be better friends than ever."

Irene bent her head and kissed the Earl's hands.

"You are very kind to me," she said. "I am much happier for having spoke to you. You will do your best with mamma, I know."

"I will," promised the Earl; and then the interview ended.

During the remainder of that day Irene was pained, perplexed, anxious.

At times however, thinking of the coming interview between her mother and the Earl, she could not help smiling. As to how the diplomatic struggle would end she could form no idea.

On the previous day, when the first glamor of her good fortune was fresh upon her, she had thought all was settled, and lost sight of difficulties that might arise. Now she could only wonder would the Earl yield and welcome a Radical successor under his roof, or would she lose the brilliant future that was hers if she chose?

* * * * * *

"I can hardly believe," said Lady Ryeford, "infatuated as I know Irene to be, Lord Cradoc, that, with this change in her prospects, she will cling to her ill-starred miserable engagement."

"My impression is that she will cling to it until death," returned Lord Cradoc. "What she has asked me to do is very fair—to invite Mr. Darleigh here and judge him for myself."

Lady Ryeford wrung her hands in utter dismay.

"I am sure you will not like him," she declared.

"I shall try to judge him fairly," said the Earl.

"Lady Ryeford, will you tell me why you so persistently refused to sanction the engagement?"

"My dear Lord Cradoc, he had no prospects.

"When he came to ask my daughter's hand from me, he was a briefless barrister, living on an income that would hardly have kept Irene in gloves.

"It was so absurd as to be in my eyes positively wrong."

"Had you any objection to him except on the score of means?" asked the Earl.

"No.

"But surely that was enough. After all that Irene had suffered from privation and poverty, I should have thought she would have learned a lesson.

"I said 'No' a moment ago; but, to be candid with you, Lord Cradoc, I object to him in everything.

"I like neither his profession, his position, his friends, nor his views."

"That is a sweeping statement," said Lord Cradoc quietly.

"It is quite true," declared Lady Ryeford.

"My daughter ought at least to marry in her own set, even if she does no better."

"There I agree with you," said the Earl quietly.

Lady Ryeford looked relieved.

"I am glad you approve of what I did," she said energetically.

"I have not said that," corrected the Earl.

"I agree that equal marriages are best. In a case like this there may be some equalizing advantage on the young man's side."

"There is no such advantage, I assure you," cried Lady Ryeford. "I never liked him.

"When he asked me for my daughter's hand, it was with all the assurance in the world, not at all as though he considered he was asking a favor.

"No peer in the land could have been more independent."

"I suspect," said the Earl, "it is for this very independence of spirit that Irene loves him."

"Do not say 'loves' him, Lord Cradoc," she cried.

"I could not bear to believe that my daughter has really given her heart to Arran Darleigh."

"She has I am quite sure, Lady Ryeford. To show you how thoroughly in earnest she is, I may tell you that, when I asked her to give him up, she refused. When I asked her plainly to choose between her lover and my fortune, she made choice of her lover."

Lady Ryeford uttered a little cry of dismay.

Lord Cradoc went on very quietly.

"Irene tells me that this lover of hers is a Radical, and that she does not believe for a moment he would consent to take the name of Cradoc.

"He prefers to make his own famous. In this case what can I do? I must not break the rules of the house; and I cannot alter them.

"I am quite at a loss."

"You cannot mean, Lord Cradoc, that Irene would give up such a prospect as you hold out to her for the sake of any man?"

"I am afraid it is so, Lady Ryeford."

"What have I done," she cried, with sudden passion, "that I should be plagued with such a daughter?

"What have I done?"

"Nay, Irene is a noble girl," said the Earl.

"I admire her all the more for her staunch fidelity.

"Having given her love, she does well to be faithful to it.

"The pity is that she gave it when she was so young that she hardly knew the importance of what she was doing.

"I never dreamed of such a complication arising. I do not see which way I am to turn."

"Do not decide anything, Lord Cradoc, until I have seen her," requested Lady Ryeford.

"There must be some mistake. She has been tiresome and obstinate after a fashion all her life; but she cannot persist in this madness."

"I really think she will," said the Earl. "I shall be very much surprised if you influence her."

"I will try to do so," rejoined her ladyship proudly.

"She has no right to wreck my life and her own.

"Do not take any steps, I pray you, Lord Cradoc, until I have seen her."

"I will leave her to you," said the Earl slowly.

Lady Ryeford could not quite understand him.

But one thing was plain enough to her, and it filled her soul with dismay.

If Irene would not give up Arran, she must give up Poole and its belongings. Surely no girl could ever be so mad, even though the madness of girls in love was proverbial!

"Give up Poole! What a cruel, monstrous notion!

She felt she must seek Irene at once; but, when she began to think of how she must approach her daughter, her courage fled. She remembered the firmness of her will, the tenacity with which she clung to her own ideas and beliefs.

However, she went in search of her, for there was no time to be lost.

Evidently Lord Cradoc had made up his mind to change his plans unless she gave up her lover.

She must not, should not refuse.

Lady Ryeford found the two girls together.

The ice being very thick on the ponds, they were arranging for some skating.

Daphne, who was fond of skating, had been out to look at the ice, and had come back radiant.

There are some women whom cold disfigures and some whom it beautifies.

The cold bracing wind had deepened the bloom on Daphne's exquisite face; her eyes were vividly bright; she was full of life and animation.

Looking at her, Lady Ryeford thought how foolish Irene was to run even the risk with such a rival near.

She appreciated Daphne's dazzling blond loveliness better than her own daughter's dark beauty.

"We are going to skate, Lady Ryeford," said Daphne.

"The ice is several inches thick and splendidly smooth.

"Will you come with us?"

"Not this morning.

"Nor, I am afraid, can Irene go; I want her most particularly.

"She will not be at liberty for an hour, at least.

"Come, Irene."

"At once, mamma?" she questioned.

"Daphne, do not wait for me.

"Go to the small pool near the cedars, and when I am at liberty I will join you there.

"You look distressed and anxious, mamma—what is the matter?" she asked, when Daphne had left them.

"I am more distressed than I have ever been in my life, Irene.

"The Earl has been talking to me about you."

"I knew he would, and I was afraid you would be distressed," she said gently—for Irene shrank from giving her mother pain.

"It cannot be true, my dear, that you refused to give up Arran Darleigh?"

"I can never give him up, mamma."

"You would rather lose this splendid inheritance, this grand mansion, with all the princely revenues, all the wealth and honors which would come to you by the Earl's bequest, than give him up?"

"Yes, mamma, and for his sake think it all well lost.

"Of what use would it all be to me without him?"

"You forget me altogether, Irene."

"No, I do not. My grief is that I must grieve you."

"It seems incredible to me; I confess I do not understand it. What you can see in this man, or indeed could see in any man, to outweigh such an inheritance I cannot think."

"The fact is simply that my plighted word and my love are the dearest things to me in life.

"If I gave them up, I should die. Oh, mamma, do not let us quarrel—do not be angry with me!

"All the wealth of the world would be useless to me without Arran."

"I cannot understand you," cried Lady Ryeford, wringing her hands with a gesture of despair.

"When I was a girl of your age, I never dreamt of such a thing. The world has changed."

"It has always been the same, mamma. The sun of love has warmed and brightened it; but its rays have never perhaps reached you."

"I am very glad they have not," returned her ladyship. "It seems to me that the only result of what you call love is sheer madness."

"Mamma," pleaded Irene, "do not be angry with me; leave me that which is the sweetest thing in life to me—my love."

It was a pitiful scene.

The vain worldly spirit of the woman of fashion was aroused, as was also the pure spirit of the impulsive passionate girl.

There could be no compromise, no pleasant arrangements of affairs.

Lady Ryeford was in despair.

"You make me hate the man who has brought this trouble on me!" she cried, with flashing eyes, as she hastened angrily from the room.

It was evening when, in accordance with her promise, she sought the Earl.

"I have failed, Lord Cradoc," she said gloomily, "as you prophesied.

"My daughter places her lover before all else."

"Of course she does," returned the Earl cheerily: "true woman as she is, she could not do otherwise.

"Show me, in this money-seeking, pleasure-loving age, another girl who would forego wealth and title for her lover's sake. I am glad you tried her, since I tried her and she resisted me. She has stood the test nobly.

"Virtue is no virtue until it has been tried."

Lady Ryeford could hardly believe the evidence of her senses.

"Do you mean," she gasped out, "that you approve, Lord Cradoc?"

"Of course I do. I approve of true love, of staunch fidelity, of loyal truth, of fortitude and moral courage; and all those qualities, Lady Ryeford, are your daughter's in perfection."

"You really approve?" she repeated.

"We will not make any mistake, Lady Ryeford.

"Though I do not say that I approve of the lover, I do heartily admire your daughter's noble course of action.

"But I have made up my mind what to do."

"What is that?" she asked.

"I will send for Arran Darleigh, and see what he is like for myself," said the Earl.

CHAPTER XV.

GREAT was the astonishment of Arran Darleigh when an invitation came from Lord Cradoc asking him to run down to Poole—an invitation so courteously and kindly worded that he almost felt pleasure at receiving it.

The Earl mentioned that there was capital skating to be had, the ice not having been so good in that part of the country for years.

Then Lord Cradoc added—

"I need not attempt to disguise my motive in asking you here.

"My young kinswoman Irene Ryeford having told me of her engagement to you, I am anxious to make your acquaintance since I have adopted her as my daughter and heiress.

"As her marriage is a matter of great importance to me, I shall be glad to see you as soon as you can come, and hope that you will remain as long as possible."

"A very kind letter," thought Arran; "but it reads very much as though the old lord wished to inspect me, and see whether he considers me a fitting husband for the mistress of Poole. It is the last thing in the world to which I feel inclined to submit."

And he would not have gone but for a little loving, coaxing note that came that morning by the same post.

"Do come, Arran," Irene wrote.

"My heart beats so fast at the thought of seeing you that I can hardly write. Do come, dear.

"Only think!

"We have loved each other all these years, and have met so little during the whole time.

"I long to see you.

"I can hardly fancy how entirely happy I shall be in spending a whole long day with you."

"I can hardly imagine what it will be like to hear your voice, to talk and laugh with you openly, and with no fear of any one being angry.

"You will like Poole; there is nothing here to annoy you.

"The Earl is a true gentleman, a good landlord, a liberal benefactor to the poor, and in himself a charming man. How all the difficulties will be settled I know not; but my mind is steadfast on one point—that I belong to you.

"Whatever your life may be whatsoever path you take, it will be mine also, for I am always your own

"IRENE."

"The truest, noblest woman in the wide world!" said Arran to himself.

"How sad that they should want to spoil her by making her a great heiress!

"With all her noble-mindedness and purity of soul, I fear riches will make a difference in her; it is almost invariably the case."

He indited a sufficiently polite reply to the Earl, and then a loving little letter to Irene, in which he told her that the thought of her being heiress of Poole was most distasteful to him.

"I will give up Poole, and everything he does not like," she said to herself, happy tears almost blinding her. "What to me is either title or money?"

Then she bethought herself that she had better tell Daphne that Arran was coming.

The woods of Poole presented to the two girls, as they walked through them, as fair a picture as any to be seen in England.

The great branches, bare of leaves, but frosted with glittering snow; the sombre evergreens with their crimson berries; the robins flying hither and thither—all was so beautiful, so entrancing, that Irene almost forgot her love-story for the first few minutes.

When she told it, Daphne, looking at her beautiful passionate face, understood how deep and true her love was.

"Your story does not surprise me, Irene," she replied.

"I must have been a dunce indeed if I had not guessed that there is one whom you love with all your heart. From the expression of your eyes, I can tell when you are thinking of him.

"Sometimes, when I speak to you, you look round at me with such a tell-tale blush, such a bewildered expression, that I say to myself—

"'She is thinking of her lover.'

"Irene, you are the most fortunate girl in the world."

"In my love and my lover I am," she said slowly.

"But no one can see all sides of another's life."

"No, I suppose not," replied Daphne musingly. "Even you, Irene, will have difficulties. How will you reconcile your democratic lover to your splendid inheritance?"

"I know not," said Irene. "But I shall be true to him.

"I would rather marry him, and help him to work for our daily bread, than own all this grand inheritance without him—I love him so well, Daphne. What say you to such sentiments?"

"Say!

"I admire your constancy.

"If you were false in one thing, you would be false in all."

"I hate everything false!" cried Irene, shuddering as she recalled the atmosphere of the mansion in Park Lane, the life that was one vast "sham."

How different was this present existence!

"Daphne," said Irene, turning suddenly to the golden-haired girl whose eyes shone with happiness, "how can I express what I think of you?

"I believe, though I have been chosen in preference to yourself, and in a way that would have driven most girls mad with envy, that you do not love me one jot the less."

"I am quite sure I do not," said Daphne heartily.

"I wish the Earl's choice had fallen upon me—that is only natural; but I cannot but own frankly that you will make a far better mistress for Poole than I should have done.

"You will be able to guide others, whereas I should want guiding.

"You will always act on principle, whereas I should always act on impulse.

"I should think, Irene, that, when you look at the grand old mansion and these magnificent woods, you feel proud and happy."

The dark eyes wandered dreamily over the trees.

"Do you see the gray mist there over the water, Daphne?" Irene asked.

"See what strange shapes it takes. Do you see it?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, my future is just as unstable as that mist," said Irene.

"My future life is in Arran's hands. If he wishes me to go with him and share his life I shall do so; if he bids me take rank and wealth, I shall take them.

"I cannot judge for myself; I am in his hands."

"Poor Lord Cradoc!" sighed Daphne. "He seems so perfectly satisfied with you as his heiress.

"Lady Ryeford, too, will be very unhappy if you decline the position which is offered you."

"Yes, I know it and that makes me anxious.

"I dearly love Lord Cradoc, and I would not grieve him for the world; I do not wish to grieve mamma either; but, Daphne, I must be true to Arran and do what he wishes."

"When is he coming?" asked Daphne.

"I should think he will be here to-morrow evening," said Irene. "What a puzzle it all is, Daphne! I wonder how it will all end?

"At first I was half mad with delight; but now I feel most unsettled as to my future."

"I cannot account for it," Daphne remarked, "but I have a strange restless feeling, as though something were about to happen—something strange and wonderful. Ah, Irene, when these trees are covered again with green leaves and the grass has grown, when the birds build their nests and the flowers bloom, where shall we be, and what will be our fate? You will at least know your future then."

"If ever I am to know it at all," said Irene.

On the following evening her lover arrived.

There could be no question as to how she loved him; her face seemed positively transfigured.

"What a magician love is!" said Lord Cradoc to himself, as he watched her in her dress of black and gold, diamonds shining on her white throat and in her hair. "Well, I hope that I shall like him, and that he will be reasonable.

"Surely, if he is a generous man, he will never deprive Irene of an inheritance like this?"

When Arran made his appearance, every one was struck with him.

Lady Marcia thought him delightful Daphne was charmed with him at first sight.

"I almost believe dear Irene," he said with laughing eyes, "that I shall be for the first time in my life what the papers call a 'social success.'"

And a social success, in every sense of the word, he was.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE meeting between Irene and her lover had been a very pleasant one. He arrived only just before dinner, and did not see her until she came into the drawing-room.

He was awaiting impatiently in an adjoining conservatory, and, when she joined him he took her in his arms with an air of proprietorship and kissed her.

"My own darling," he whispered fondly, "beautiful as ever!

"And what a glorious place this Poole is!"

"Yes; but it shall never be mine unless you wish it.

"Now come and see mamma.

"Having been overruled, she is trying to look amiable about your visit; but she can hardly manage to do so. Come and shake hands with her."

Lady Ryeford could not bring herself to say that she was glad to see him; she coolly extended one hand and hoped he was well, then resumed the perusal of a journal she held, and the ordeal was over.

Presently they all went in to dinner. The evening passed away pleasantly, all doing their best to place the new-comer at his ease.

But Daphne perhaps was most successful.

Her bright happy disposition charmed him.

"After you, Irene," said her lover on the following morning, "Daphne is the most charming girl I have ever met. What spirits she has! Lord Cradoc seems to worship her.

"I—you will forgive me dear—I wonder why he did not choose her as his heiress instead of you?"

"He does love her the best," said Irene. "He has not said so in as many words; but I know it."

"Then why did he not adopt her? There would be no difficulty then."

"Oh, Arran, what difficulty need there be now?"

"This matter is to me," he replied, "a source of great difficulty.

"I wish to give my wife my own name, to work for her, and surround her with luxuries of my own providing. You understand?"

"Yes," she said slowly, "I understand; but we must give way, for he is an old man childless, and Arran, he loved his boys so dearly.

"When I look at him, I almost wish—but for you—that I had died instead."

"Thank Heaven you did not!" he cried, kissing the fair brow, the proud sweet lips.

"Thank Heaven my love is alive and well!"

She put her white arms around his neck.

"Arran," she whispered, "I know you love me; make me happy."

"I will, my darling," he said.

"I want you," she continued, "to be very considerate, very patient and gentle with the Earl—not with a view to anything he may do for you, but because he is old and childless and Poole is so dear to him. You ask me why, if he loves Daphne best, he does not adopt her?

"It is because he thinks I should make the best mistress for Poole, and he would sacrifice everything to that end. I do not ask you to sacrifice any principle or one jot of your honesty and integrity—they are too dear to me; but be as kind to him as you can.

"His thoughts are ever with the dear lost ones."

"How long have they been dead?" asked Arran.

"They were drowned last July. It is now February, so that it is about seven months since."

"Then there is no chance of their having been picked up at sea?"

Irene then looked at him with a startled glance.

"No one has ever thought such a thing could possibly have occurred, Arran. As the steamer went down they were seen standing calmly on deck, with their arms about each other.

"What made you ask that question? You have startled me."

"I think a death of drowning at sea requires to be thoroughly well authenticated" said Arran.

"In how many scores of instances have not shipwrecked men been picked up at sea, carried away to remote countries, and prevented from returning for months? Their relative and friends have mourned them as dead, and then they have returned safe and well."

"But there seems no room for doubt in this case.

"One of the survivers spoke of having seen the boys go down bravely and calmly with the steamer."

"Still I know that, if I had been in the Earl's place, I should have waited longer than this," rejoined Arran.

"The Earl has had many advisers," said Irene, "and they were all of opinion that there was no hope.

"Pray Arran, never say a word to raise a doubt in Lord Cradoc's mind. It would be cruel, for I think he is growing more patient and resigned every day."

"I will be careful, my most considerate darling, never to say one word to him. Indeed I do not know why I should have so spoken at all; it was merely a train of thought. By-the-bye, why do you think the Earl was in such a hurry to settle his affairs?"

"I do not think he had much to do with it," she said.

"Lady Marcia told me that Mr. Rigby and herself were greatly alarmed about his health, and were afraid something might happen to him before his affairs were settled, when endless law-suits might ensue; that was why he hurried the settlement of his affairs.

"You cannot imagine how much he objected to that ball at Christmas; but they seemed to think it must be.

"Oh, Arran, I love the Earl, for he is so good and kind!

"Promise me again to be considerate and gentle with him."

"I promise," said Arran.

"What would I not do to please you, my darling?"

She thanked him as he liked best to be thanked, and he was quite content.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Strangely Met.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

"WELL, I am really very sorry!" sighed Mrs. Evans, looking ruefully at the small pile of bank-notes in her lap, and then at her fair daughters, Bell and Augusta, who were standing near her, examining a wreath of flowers.

"I'm sorry, too mamma," says Miss Bell.

"To be sure Elsie ought to be provided for her visit, but you know she is the youngest, and we——"

"Why, we can't go out without decent dresses!" chimed in Miss Augusta.

"I won't, for one, I know."

"Never mind my London visit," said little Elsie, the plain sister of these petted girls, as she quietly entered the room and overheard the conversation.

"I would as soon go and spend a week with aunt Laura, and that won't take much preparation."

"Would you really?" asked Mrs. Evans, hesitating between a selfish wish to please her beauties, and what was only justice to the young girl beside her.

"I really would, ma.

"I dare say I should not be at home among those city people.

"Just let me go to aunt Laura's, and give Gus and Bell all the finery."

"Well, that relieves my mind wonderfully!" said Mrs. Evans, with a very long sigh.

"I didn't know how to arrange for you all.

"Three girls are so expensive.

"You can have my last winter's cloak, Elsie, for one thing."

"No, she can have mine, mamma," eagerly cried Bell.

"It's a little out of style for me, but it will do very well for Elsie, and I'll get a new one."

"Well, yours, then," agreed Mrs. Evans; "and I'll try to save enough out of the girls' shopping, Elsie, to get you a new black cashmere."

"Then I shall be grand!" said easily-contented Elsie.

"May I go next week?"

"Yes.

"Go to work any get ready.

"Come, girls.

"If we want to do any shopping to-day, we must go immediately."

"And I'll get dinner while you are gone," Elsie consoled them by adding.

So while the mother, Gus, and Bell tossed over the glittering silks on showy counters, patient Elsie heated herself in the kitchen — where her beautiful sisters would never go if they could help it—to have dinner all ready for them.

It waiting when they returned, tired, and with good appetites, from their shopping.

After it was eaten, Elsie followed them all into the sitting-room, to see the new purchases commented on and nicely displayed.

"Well, where's my black cashmere?" she asked, after the last bundle was unrolled, and not as much as a neck-ribbon given to her.

"Oh! I am so sorry, but really there wasn't a shilling left after the girls' shopping was done, and so——"

"And so I got none, like Mother Hubbard's dog," suggested Elsie, trying to laugh but feeling inclined to cry.

"She had very much wished to go to London, and now she had given that up, she did think that she had a right to one new dress.

"Well, it does seem too bad!" confessed Augusta, "but you can be pretty well dressed out of our things.

"Let's see, ma.

"She might travel in her black luster, and have my gray poplin for best."

"No, I'll travel in the gray poplin, and spoil it as quickly as I can!" flashed Elsie, roused for once.

"Why, Elsie?" mildy reproved Mrs. Evans.

"Well, mamma! you know I look horrid in gray.

"My waterproof will cover it up when I travel, and my black luster will do for best, but I wish—" she only finished her sentence with a sigh.

"She would not say, "I wish you had got the cashmere," it would seem too much like blaming her mother.

Mrs. Evans thought it best not to notice the abruptly-ended sentence, but proposed to the girls that they let her dress their hair at once.

There was a party on the cards for the evening, and their mother, having a gift in that line, often acted as hairdresser to her lovely maidens.

They were ready, in their dainty robes and snowy gloves (four buttons, too), when their cavaliers arrived, and away they went so gaily, while Elsie, at home, mended her old gloves, and made her simple preparations for her journey.

She was asleep long before they came home.

But at breakfast the next morning, they went into raptures over "such a delightful party!"

"And especially over Mr. Lovell, the brother of their hostess, "such a splendid fellow!

"So very handsome, and worth thousands, think of that!"

"Of course he would look handsome, then if he were really hideous," observed Elsie coolly.

"He's going away for a few days, but he promised to call when he comes back.

"You just ought to see him, Elsie," declared Miss Bell, without noticing Elsie's caustic remark, "he's so handsome!"

"It makes very little difference to me whether he's handsome or homely.

"I'm going to be an old maid," returned Elsie, buttering a roll.

"Well, I'm not, if I can catch Archie Lovell," averred Miss Bell, sipping her chocolate.

Mr. Lovell was dropped, just then: but Elsie, two or three times that day, wondered if he were really so very handsome, or so rich, or if she would ever see him.

Elsie, herself, was a pleasant thing to see, if she was not a beauty, as she stood upon the platform at the station, ready for her journey.

Her face was so bright and sweet, and her manner so winsome that no one would fail to turn for a second look.

The carriages were well filled, and the only vacant seat was very near the hot stove.

Here Elsie bestowed herself and her belongings, and began to glance about at her neighbors, a fine-looking young fellow, and a poorly-dressed little girl just in front of her, attracted her most.

The gift of a golden orange from her lunch-basket won the little one's favor, and Elsie was soon chatting merrily with her, and had learned that she was on her way to live with her grandpa, because her mamma was too poor to keep them all in the city.

After a while the heat grew overpowering, and Elsie tried to raise her window; but it was fast.

She tugged hard with her soft fingers—soft and white in spite of her kitchen work—all in vain, until a black-sleeved arm was reached over hers, and a pleasant voice said, "Allow me, please.

"My hands are stronger than yours."

Elsie looked up, and met the gaze of a fine pair of dark eyes, belonging to her neighbor.

The window was quickly raised, and Elsie thanked him, as the welcome air rushed in.

They chatted a little now, politely, as travellers may do, and Elsie decided that he was very pleasant for a passing acquaintance.

Before long the girl in the next seat fell asleep, her little curly head bumping about uneasily.

In a twinkling Elsie had unstrapped her shawl, and, rising, slipped it under the small brown head.

"Is she traveling under your care?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, no! I never saw her before.

"But she is so little to be all alone, and her head did bump so!

"She can rest easier now."

The stranger said no more, and as Elsie was busy folding up her shawl-straps, she did not see the glance of earnest admiration which he gave her, nor knew that the outspoken thought of his heart would have been—

"You good, kind hearted little girl."

When they stopped for refreshment, the stranger helped Elsie out and escorted her to the room.

As they were leaving their seats, he said to her—

"Suppose we take your little friend here, too?"

"Oh, yes!" assented Elsie, flashing him a bright glance of approval.

So they took the little thing, and brought her back warmed and fed, to resume her journey.

And it was a pity some good angel could not have whispered to the anxious mother, who, in the distant city, feared for her child's lonely journey, what kind hands the little one had fallen into.

On rattled the train, until, about the middle of the afternoon, there was a heavy jar, a hissing, crashing noise, and the train, a perfect wreck, lay over an embankment, with its living freight.

At first Elsie was so stunned and startled she was conscious of nothing, heard nothing except moans and cries mingled with the jingle of shattered glass and the sound of escaping steam.

Then her senses seemed to return, and she was trying to raise herself to her feet, when strong arms lifted her, and the voice of her stranger friend said:

"Steady, now!

"I think I can get you out safely. Are you hurt?"

"No; I think not.

"I don't feel any injury.

"Are—oh! you are!" as, looking up, she saw that his forehead was bleeding.

"Oh, that is nothing!

"A mere scratch with a bit of broken glass," he said, smiling at her horrified tone.

"I hope it will prove so," answered little Elsie.

"Oh!—our poor little girl!

"Where is she?"

"I don't know.

"Thank you for remembering her. We will find her."

"Put me down, please.

"I can walk now.

"Let me help you," pleaded Elsie.

He obeyed her, and they found the little creature lying upon a broken seat, moaning with pain.

The stranger carried her out, and laid her upon a spot of dry grass, and after a slight examination, told Elsie that her arm was broken, and one side bruised.

There chanced to be two or three physicians in the ill-fated train, and they gave their best skill to the wounded, our little girl among the rest.

Elsie held her in her lap while the little arm was set and bandaged, and then laid her on the hastily-prepared bed in the station, near which the accident had happened and watched over her, assisted by the strange gentleman, who seemed now like an old acquaintance.

When the train which was to carry them on arrived, Elsie said:

"I shall not leave this little thing until she is with her grandfather.

"She has told me where she was going. It is a little off my route, but I am going with her."

"So am I," added the stranger, with his pleasant smile.

"Humanity allows me to do as much as you can, in spite of conventional rules.

"I appoint myself to take care of both of you, and you need not fear to trust me."

"I do not; and I thank you," responded Elsie, with simple dignity.

So they both waited for the train on the other line, and cared tenderly for the little one, until, late at night, they left her in the care of her grandfather, who gave them his warmest thanks and blessings.

"Would you prefer to stop here for the night (there's an hotel, I suppose) or go on?" asked Elsie's friend.

"Oh, go on, if possible.

"My aunt will be much alarmed because I did not come to-day.

"Is there a train?"

"Yes.

"I am told one passes in about twenty minutes.

"It shall be just as you wish."

"Let us go on, then."

"Very well.

"And now I am going to let you know whom you are traveling with.

"No name" is inconvenient, and I am willing you should know mine.

"I hope you will be as frank with me."

He gave Elsie a card, bearing the name "Archie Lovell."

For an instant Elsie was puzzled, then a light broke over her face.

She produced her own card, saying, smilingly—

"I have heard that name quite often before.

"And I think you know mine.

"At least, you know my sisters."

Mr. Lovell glanced at her card.

"Is it possible?

"Are you a sister of the Misses Evans who visit my sister?"

"Yes.

"I am the youngest sister."

"Then I declare myself well acquainted with you.

"And I consider this a most lucky meeting, Elsie."

"And I am sure I don't know what I should have done but for your kindness, Mr. Lovell.

"Isn't that the train?"

"It is.

"Now we go, and shall see you safe in your aunt's hands before I leave you, Miss Elsie."

Elsie's one week at aunt Laura's proved to be three months.

And when she came home, Gus and Bell were still talking about Mr. Lovell. "He's been away on business," explained Bell, "but he returned on Monday, and he is going to-night."

"Yes, he told me he would," confessed Elsie demurely.

"Told you!

"Why, you never saw him in your life!" cried the girls.

And then the whole story came out, and Elsie had to explain that already, on three months acquaintance, she had promised Mr. Lovell to marry him, if her mother consented, and he was coming to ask for her that very night.

"Well!

"I never!" panted Bell.

"I never did!"

"I'm sorry, Bell," said Elsie demurely, still.

"But you know you would make me go to aunt Laura's instead of the city, and so I met him, and—I can't help it now."

"Well, we shall have him in the family, anyhow, and that's some comfort," was Bell's sole consolation.

A vicious dog was sent over Niagara Falls last week for good riddance. But the dog came out alive below the falls with all the ill nature soaked out of him, and is now an admired household pet.

LET every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent.

Bric-a-Brac.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—This phenomenon in hay was understood long before modern scientific explanations were given on the subject. Columella, who resided at Rome in the time of the Emperor Claudius, and who was born before the Christian Era, notes in one of his books that if hay be stood in a barn when moist it "grows hot, breeds fire and sets all in a flame."

WITHOUT HEADS.—A French scientist has cut off the heads of flies, ants, grasshoppers and butterflies, and observed that decapitated insects retain their sensibility for a very long time. Flies calmly rubbed their bodies with their legs, and behaved as if nothing unusual had happened. Butterflies continued to fly for eighteen days, and grasshoppers kicked thirteen days after being decapitated.

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.—The French astronomers are talking about the possibility of interplanetary signalling. Concerning the matter one says: "It is certain that we are on the eve of grand discoveries grander than the world has yet seen or dreamed of, and the spreading of planetary intelligence cannot be among the least of such revelations from the Creator to his beings."

THE BEAR'S REVENGE.—A party of California hunters camped in a ravine one night, and, as usual, put a pot of beans to cook. While sitting around the fire telling yarns and weeping smoke tears, an immense bear joined the circle, whipped the cover off the pot, and, without so much as by your leave, thrust his paw into the supper. Roaring with pain and astonishment, he as quickly drew it out again overturned the pot with one vigorous blow, and, throwing the hot beans into the young men's faces, lumbered off growling into the darkness.

TOM THUMB.—The manner in which Barnum first introduced Tom Thumb was ingenious. The showman had a large pocket made in his coat, and at a certain hour every day Tom would get into it. Then Barnum would enter the museum halls and mingle with the crowd. People would press about him and ask where Tom Thumb was. Barnum would pretend to be astonished and inquire: "Why—isn't he here?" Then he would call out: "General! General! where are you?" Tom would instantly pop his head out of the pocket and shout: "Here I am, Mr. Barnum."

ON FRIDAY.—The superstitious Sakhalavas of Madagascar doom every child born on Friday to death. They are carried to the nearest wood, laid in a shallow hole and left to die from exposure. Twins, too, are killed, and every infant whose birth has caused the death of its mother is destroyed because, according to the law of the Sakhalavas, it is a murderer. And when a child is born at midnight it is customary to place it next day upon a path by which oxen go to water. If the beasts do not touch it on their way the infant's life is saved; but if a hoof or hair brushes it, no matter how lightly, the child is slain.

WOMAN'S WIT.—In the great church at Raskild, Norway, there is shown a large whetstone, which was sent to the celebrated Queen Margaret by Albert, King of Sweden, in derision, intimating that women should sharpen their needles, instead of aiming at war. The wit, which is very poor was better answered by the Queen, who replied that she would apply it to the edges of her soldiers' swords. She was as good as her word; she fought Albert in a pitched battle; gave him an entire overthrow and made him a prisoner. In that sit ation she kept him seven years, and then released him on very hard conditions.

WITHOUT CURIOSITY.—No Arab is ever curious. Curiosity with all Eastern nations is considered unmanly. No Arab will stop in the street, or turn his head to listen to the talk of bystanders. No Arab will dance, play on an instrument, or indulge in cards or any games of chance, since games of chance are forbidden by the Koran. Never, moreover, invite an Arab to take a walk with you for pleasure. Although good walkers, they have no notion of walking for amusement. They walk for business. What Arabs like best is to sit still, and when they see Europeans walking up and down in a public place in Algeria, they say "Look! look! the Christians are going mad!" The Arab does not mount on horseback, except as a matter of business or public fetes.

THE DOG.—Through the dim past of Egypt the figure of the dog looms large and godlike, though the degenerate heirs of the pyramid-rearing, dog-worshiping giants of old consider the dog as no whit better than a Christian. An Imperial Rome Alexander Severus spent his hours of leisure rioting with puppies, and Agrippa's dog, "had a devil chained to his collar" but no modern Roman dogs are thus distinguished. Even in England the sixth class of mischievous goblins used to fling down platters and appear in the likeness of wandering black dogs; but wandering dogs of any color have no superstitious terrors now for the police. Mahomet admitted the dog Katmir, who stood on his legs for 800 years, in Paradise, and the untutored Indian of Pope's time believed, we are told that when after death he should be translated to the sky, "his faithful dog would bear him company." The Indian of our days is sufficiently educated to part company with his faithful dog for a bottle of store rum.

AT REST.

BY S. D.

Ah, silent wheel, the noisy brook is dry,
And quiet hours glide by
In this deep vale, where once the merry stream
Sang on through gloom and gleam;
Only the dove in the leaf-shaded nest
Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day
Shines on that tranquil bay,
Where thy storm-beaten soul has longed to be;
Wild blast and angry sea
Touch not this favored shore, by summer blest,
A home of rest.

Ah, fevered heart, the grass is green and deep
Where thou art laid asleep;
Kissed by soft winds, and washed by gentle showers,
Thou hast thy crown of flowers;
Poor heart! too long in this mad world oppressed,
Take now thy rest.

I, too, perplexed with strife of good and ill,
Long to be safe and still;
Evil is present with me while I pray,
That good may win the day.
Great Giver, grant me Thy last gift and best,
The gift of rest!

UPTON COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—[CONTINUED.]

"WELL, I can but try," he answered; "and I have no doubt I shall be satisfied.

"I'm not very hard to please."

"I don't care much for modern shooting.

"I like it as it was thirty years ago—the real pursuit of your game which gave you a little trouble.

"I agree with the old rule, 'Nothing is worth having that does not give you a little trouble in the getting.'"

He began lightly, ending with sudden seriousness.

Clearly the sentiment was either above or below Miss Durrant's comprehension. For once she failed to answer him.

Glad of the return of their welcome guest the little household fell naturally into the ways and regained the brightness of his first visit.

Margaret experienced the fullest relief from it.

Her shadowy fears were once more greatly lessened, and in the joyful excitement of the reaction from them she shook off somewhat her former reserve, and entered into conversation more freely than she had done before, revealing, ever unconsciously her graceful intellect and refined clearness of perception.

The calm pale sunshine of October gave way at last to fogs and rain, but still Mr. Durrant went on unheeding with work and pleasure.

Within the house the sunshine still shone brightly on all save its mistress.

Mr. Durrant wondered to see her resume the old silence, which to him was a new thing.

But he and Margaret settled to their own satisfaction that the dull, gloomy weather doubtless affected her.

And he, feeling at peace with all the world, made the more earnest efforts to cheer her, with the pity of a strong, tender nature for the lonely woman—but all without success.

There came a night at length with a great storm of wind, and the next morning Margaret sat at breakfast pale and silent, with a frightened look in her sweet eyes.

Miss Durrant was extraordinarily crabbed and unpleasant.

Her cousin thought at once that there had been some outbreak of violence on her part, of which Margaret had been the victim.

The thought was sufficiently disagreeable to make him silent also—to make him desirous to ascertain the truth.

That was not all.

But what he wished further he did not rightly know.

He did not succeed in speaking to Margaret that morning before going out.

Perhaps it was this that brought him home half-an-hour earlier than usual.

At any rate something did so, and he felt well satisfied to meet her, as he strolled back through the grounds with his gun on his shoulder.

It was a calm, still evening after the wind and rain—an evening full of the sad poetry of the late autumn.

Towards the west the quiet clouds were parted, and through their rosate edges the sinking sun shone softly on to the silent landscape.

Margaret, in her black dress, was standing erect on the river-terrace, her hands clasped, her eyes gazing in mournful abstraction into the far distance.

There was something inexpressibly saddening about the slight solitary figure which dwelt long afterwards in Edward Durrant's mind.

But as soon as she was aware of his approach she started slightly, and resumed her ordinary position.

"You are home earlier than usual," she said.

She had taken one step forward to meet him, and this trivial circumstance sent a thrill of pleasure through his frame, though it passed away in the pain with which he saw how white and uneasy her face still was.

"Rather," he answered, then paused, uncertain how to introduce what he wished to say.

"So am I.

"But I made haste home, for I wanted to see the sun set on the water."

"And where have you been?"

"To see some of the people.

"Anne Lewis sent up for me this morning.

"One of the boys has been getting into trouble."

He was intimate enough with the hamlet and its inhabitants by this time to know whom she meant.

But it was of her distress alone that his mind was full.

"It is very good of you to interest yourself so much about them," he said.

The words came with more empressement than was needed.

Such had as yet no power to stir the pulses of her heart.

She made answer quietly—

"There is nothing which comforts you so much as comforting others, I really think."

She had given him an opening.

"If you will let me—if I dare presume ——"

He could not find the proper words.

"Miss Lindsay," he began, stopped, and then began again in desperate straightforwardness.

"I can trust you to pardon me if I mistake, but I fancied this morning something had occurred to trouble you, and if I can be of any use or help to you, I hope you need not be assured it would be a very great pleasure to me."

A flush of gratitude came into her pale face, and her eyes grew moist, with a sudden feeling of relief caused by his sympathy.

"Thank you," she said, with earnest emphasis, then paused, and turned away in hesitation.

He watched her anxiously, not daring to speak lest his own words should turn the tide against him.

Presently she said, in a low, frightened voice—

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

His face lost its anxiety.

He all but laughed.

This was a trouble which could soon be relieved.

"Certainly not," he answered very promptly.

"Belief in them is superstition.'

"So I used to think till I came here. But now——"

"But now the rats in the old wood-work have frightened you.

"Don't you think it is so?"

"I wish I could!"

"You may be sure of it," he said, waxing earnest in his endeavors to remove such causeless alarm.

"Very likely you have never been accustomed to an old house before."

"No; but"—and her voice sank lower—"rats don't walk up and down the gallery with human footsteps."

He smiled.

"Young ladies, pardon me—are nervous subjects, and are quite sure sometimes that they hear and see when there is nothing to be seen and heard."

"Ah," she said, "you want to make me think it is all fancy.

"Indeed you are mistaken!

"When the wind blew so hard last night it awoke me, for it makes, as you say, curious noises in the house.

"It would not let me sleep again; and by-and-by I grew frightened, and got up and locked the door.

"Just then the great clock in the hall struck two, and that made me feel still more lonely.

"I had hoped it was near morning, and after all it was but early in the night.

"I lay very still and tried to sleep, but in vain.

"Presently the wind lulled for a little time, and then"—she looked round, as if fearing to be overheard—

"I am quite sure I heard some one walking in the passage—walking slowly, as if they were tired."

As she ended she looked into his face, and read there the same kind incredulity.

"See," he replied.

"What you have told me only confirms my view of the case.

"You were afraid and lonely, you say; so afraid that you could not sleep.

"In such overwrought states of feeling it is an ascertained fact that we really do imagine what has no reality, to be very real indeed."

She looked at him.

His words would have been consoling could she have believed them.

But her conviction was too strong to be shaken even by the depth of his, supported as it was by the memory of what had passed in the summer.

"You go so far as to imagine that people do not see things, do you?" she asked, in the same low voice.

"You did not say you had seen anything," he smiled back.

"Not last night, but in the summer."

And so, her reserve breaking down into entire confidence at last, she told him of that terrible hour of fear in the lonely moonlit garden.

The tall White Lady, with her sad, hopeless wail, whom her very eyes and ears had seen and heard, ending by a reference to the legends and stories that were connected with the place.

"These seem as likely to be truths as your theory.

"I cannot doubt my own senses. 'Seeing is believing,' says the old proverb. I have told you I did not believe in ghosts when I came here.

"How am I to help believing in them now?"

Her voice ceased.

He looked down, musing, without replying.

He was impressed by what he had heard—impressed too, without knowing it, by the time and place.

The sun had set.

The twilight of the short October evening was gathering fast.

A cold, damp feeling was mingled with the deep stillness of the lonely place.

It struck him that it felt like a grave.

A slight nervous trembling came over Margaret, and a weary little sigh escaped her lips.

If he had no hope or comfort for her, surely there was none.

But, as that sound recalled him to a mass of distress, the face that met her troubled eyes was as full as ever of resolute hopefulness.

"Even supposing I do not doubt the evidence of your eyes, nor even of your ears, Miss Lindsay, still I do not believe in ghosts.

"The thing admits of half a dozen explanations, some of which surely must have occurred to yourself.

"Take one example only.

"What is to prevent any one about here from dressing up and walking about the garden?

"They may have their own reasons for wishing to be undisturbed at night. If so, they seem to have succeeded admirably, at least so far as the villagers are concerned.

"I do not see anything hopelessly supernatural so far."

"You are a hopeless unbeliever, at any rate," she said, smiling faintly.

It was the first smile he had seen on her face that day, and it made him glad.

"I am.

"And even if you are not, I don't think you need be so much afraid.

"Forgive me now if I venture to suggest that it is getting too cold and damp for you here.

"Don't you think it would be better for you to go in?"

"I suppose I ought.'

She turned towards the stretch of terraced garden, where the first faint gleams of moonlight began to mingle with the twilight, then hung back.

"I am ashamed to be such a coward," she said, "but—are you coming?"

He laughed.

"Yes; to take care of you.

"You say truly you are a coward, Miss Lindsay

"I must do my very best to cure you."

For the first time in her life a strange, new pleasure at the thought of being so protected stole into her heart.

It was but feeble however, and was quickly overcome by the vivid remembrance of her spectral vision which the dark terrace recalled.

"I have never been here so late since the day of which I spoke," she said fearfully.

"I am afraid you will find the cure difficult—if not impossible."

"I don't think so," he replied.

But later in the evening, when the faint flush his brave words had called into her face died away again beneath the coming night, he began to doubt if it would prove such an easy matter.

She had got into a low, depressed state of mind, he decided, as he stood pondering over it after they had parted for the night.

As long as it continued she was likely to go on imagining she heard all manner of noises, and these again would have confirm her delusion and deepen her depression, making her worse.

It was no wonder she should be nervous, shut up in this doleful house with his very unpleasant old cousin, who was at least half mad.

As for the apparition in the garden, that was either literal moonshine or a villager out ghost-making.

He inclined to the latter opinion.

And, thinking of the terror he had caused, clenched his fist and set his teeth firmly together, with a far from benevolent wish that he could have caught him at it.

Then he went with great unconcern up the black staircase which always impressed Margaret with such haunting fear, reflecting with a mixture of disdain and compassion on the weakness of the feminine sex—though somehow to-night compassion was in the larger measure—and so composed himself to the unbroken sleep that was his nightly portion.

But on this occasion he was not fated to receive it in full measure.

He slept indeed through the first part of the night, and then awoke to find the wind bowling round the house and through every cranny, though it had been quite calm a few hours before.

He could not sleep again, either because the wind was really too loud to allow it, or because the girl's frightened face and uncanny story had affected him more than he was aware.

He amused himself as he lay awake by listening to the odd sounds the wind made, and tracing them, to his own satisfaction, to their proper source.

He was just settling that the slow, distant clapping of a shutter must have been that particular one which Margaret's fears had distorted into a human footstep, when a long and furious blast ended with a moan in one of those sudden silences that sometimes occur in storms of wind.

And in that silence he heard distinctly the sound of a step.

At least, if not so, it was marvellously like it.

Then the fresh surging of the wind came down upon the house again and drowned it, but still, as it died away, his quickened ear could catch the sound at intervals, sometimes nearer, sometimes more distant.

He tried in vain to think of anything that would account for the noise, and at last, unable to bear the uncertainty longer, rose as quietly as possible, thinking to surprise the intruder, if such there should be, and stole through the darkness to the great gallery whence the footfall seemed to come.

He fancied as he gained its lower end that the echo of a sigh floated down to him, and that some figure flitted through a door at its upper end.

But he was sure of nothing.

Sight and sound alike were misty.

It might have been only the sighing of the wind and the wavering shadows thrown through the long windows by the tossing trees without.

He walked up the gallery and tried the door he fancied had been entered, but it refused to yield to his touch.

Looking back again, the long corridor lay quiet and undisturbed.

There was no sound save those evoked by natural causes, no movement save the wavering shadows, no form save the black statues at the head of the staircase, faintly discernible through the gloom.

He waited and watched, but nothing came of it.

His presence had apparently scared the visitant, ghostly or bodily, if such there were.

No solution of the mystery was to be found.

He was fain to go back to bed at last, and leave it unresolved.

But he heard that sound no more, a proof that it was not mechanical, for the force of the wind continued till the morning.

He scanned Margaret's face with some curiosity the next morning.

She was as pale and nervous as on the preceding day.

It was evident that he was not the only one who had been disturbed in the night.

So he found on questioning her the first time they were beyond reach of Miss Durrant's eyes and ears.

"I do not know how I shall be able to stay here.

"It frightens me so dreadfully," said the girl in conclusion.

"You are very foolish," he replied, with a smile on lip, and eye which looked as if there was something more than deprecation of her folly in his mind.

"Sounds don't kill.

"I too heard that footstep, or whatever it is, last night.

"And yet you see I am not frightened out of my wits as you are."

"You heard it?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes, and instead of lying in a stupor of fear, as you do, Miss Lindsay, forgive me for saying so—I boarded the lion in his den. In plain English, I went and explored the gallery and saw—nothing."

"And heard nothing?"

"And heard nothing."

"I would rather you had done so, I think.

"It looks as if it had stopped when it heard you coming."

"A most considerate ghost, to have such pity on my nerves.

"No.

"I'm afraid that theory won't hold water."

"What do you think it is, then?"

"I don't know.

"Nothing that will do you any harm.

"Don't be so causelessly alarmed.

"You always look to me," he added with sudden gravity, "as if you thought there was nothing in the world to take care of you."

She took it as a rebuke, and it brought the tears into her eyes.

"I know," she said at last very humbly, "it is wrong.

"But indeed, I feel so much alone, as if I were left to meet this terrible fear."

"Meet it and overcome it bravely," he replied.

"I wish I could help you.

"In this I cannot.

"But there is help."

He came a step nearer as he spoke, and their eyes met.

His glance full of compassion and earnest anxiety for her relief, born of gratitude and awakening hope.

Instinctively each felt that that hour had brought them nearer to each other than they had been before.

They shared an interest and anxiety exclusively their own.

Then he repeated in a lighter tone—

"I wish I could help you.

"But really I don't see how I can.

"Unless you would like me to turn policeman—and sit up all night in the gallery."

His droll manner made her laugh.

"Certainly not," she replied.

"It would not come, of course, if you were there, if it stopped when it heard you coming."

He went off, relieved to have made her laugh.

Nevertheless he was not quite easy on the subject of the nocturnal disturbance. He thought the matter well over during the day.

He tried, by questioning Cator, to determine his doubts one way or the other.

But the old man was very enigmatical, and surly, even to him, when pressed.

"He had never seen or heard anything.

"But he would not say there might not be something.

"Folks did talk.

"Oh, certainly, he would sit up with Mr. Edward, and see what came of it, if he were so minded!

"But he rather thought they would look like a couple of fools in the morning."

And accordingly they did sit up one night, doing in earnest what Edward had suggested to Margaret in jest.

Edward at least did feel somewhat foolish when the gray dawn found him weary with watching over the slumbers of a house that had been wholly undisturbed.

Cator said something not highly respectful about young people's fancies.

The upshot of the matter was that they kept the fact of their vigil to themselves.

And after this the weather grew calm and tranquil, and, though Edward often listened for it, he never heard the mysterious footfall.

Margaret's spirits gradually returned; and he, on his part, felt inclined to believe that his senses had played him false that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

ONCE more Mr. Durrant's visit drew to a close.

The bridge-dispute was fairly settled on a firmer basis than before.

The minor affairs of the property were in a better state of regulation than they had perhaps ever been, under the control of that wise young head and resolute will; the covers had all been shot through. Yet he lingered on.

The fascination of his old ancestral home still exercised its sway over him, but it was disputed and eclipsed by another.

It was the old story—that old story which to each succeeding generation is yet ever new.

Margaret's grace and beauty had struck him the first time he had seen her, and further acquaintance had but added the charm of her bright innocence and guileless intellect.

Compared to the young ladies of ordinary society, she was as the lily among flowers, the dove among birds.

As he watched her unmurmuring attendance on his crabbed cousin, her sweet dignity and quiet thoughtfulness towards the few domestics, her untiring care for the poor; as he heard her praises from old and young, his admiration grew into a deeper interest.

And then came the time of her distress and fear, when he had tasted the charm of her dependence on him, the delight of helping and consoling her.

Insensibly the sweetness of the hours passed in her society increased; the tones of her voice, the notes of her music, her slightest action began to have for him a charm such as his earnest nature had never experienced before.

He felt glad when one little matter after another arose to delay his departure, and everything which he was called upon to do seemed to him delightful; every exertion was easy.

In the splendor of the new light that had arisen, each power of his mind and body was as it were doubled.

Yet such small measure of self-consciousness had he that he did not know what it all implied, did not understand why he shrank from the idea of going away.

So things went on, till one morning there reached him a short note from his father—

"I cannot understand," it ran, "what keeps you so long at Upton. All the business appears to be settled. There is no reason for this delay. I go to town on Tuesday, and expect to meet you there."

Intense indignation rose in the young man's breast as he read the peremptory order.

His father had accustomed his family to such decided measures. Edward had generally submitted with good grace, having a strong idea of parental wisdom.

But this was perfectly unreasonable—to be ordered like a child! He would not have it. He would write back that he could not come. But why?

Thinking of it, there was no reason that he could allege. And yet—must he go? Why did he shrink from it so much?

At that moment the sound of Margaret's low laugh reached his ear, and all at once he was answered.

He could not leave Upton because in leaving it he should leave her, and that meant—the knowledge flashed on him with the clearness and swiftness of lightning—that he loved her.

Close upon thirty though he was, it was the first time in his life that he had made such a discovery. Its novelty startled him.

Reflections, considerations, possibilities crowded in on his mind, already disturbed and perplexed.

He felt as if the air of the house stifled him—as if the sight of Margaret would be fatal in his present state.

He thrust his father's letter into his pocket, and left the house.

Mile after mile he walked, with hasty steps which reflected only too faithfully the hurry and confusion in his mind—he cared not whither so long as he was moving.

For awhile he could see nothing clearly—a crowd of conflicting emotions struggled blindly together in vehement disorder.

But presently, little by little, order, firm and defined, began to shape itself from this chaos of hope and fear.

Like a steady star rose the brilliance of his worthy love. Margaret should be his wife if she could love him.

He would not think now of what that possibility implied.

He would rather consider how it were possible to win hand as heart.

The prospect was hopeless enough to daunt any but an earnest lover. In the first place his father's opposition was certain.

Keen-sighted and practical man of the world, he was not the one to yield passively to his heir's marriage with a penniless girl.

Edward reflected grimly, as thousands have done before, how incompatible were the views of the elder and younger generation on this important point.

But supposing this opposition could be overcome, how much nearer would he be to his marriage? Very little, he was forced to answer himself, with a sinking heart.

True, his father was Miss Durrant's heir-at-law, but that was of no good to him during her life.

At present his income was very moderate. He had made sacrifices to give Edward the best education possible and to enable him to go to the Bar.

He had younger children for whom he was doing the same thing.

His son knew well enough that he could make no allowance to marry on; that even if he were to offer to do so it would be the basest selfishness on his part to take what rightly belonged to his brothers.

A hard prospect when one is eight-and-twenty, and in love for the first time.

Edward pulled his hat more firmly over his brows as he thought of it. It was an action characteristic of the man—of the Durrants certainly—perhaps of the English race as a whole. Granted that there were obstacles. Well, obstacles must be overcome.

He settled that he would begin by obeying orders. He would go to London on Tuesday. This was Saturday; there was not much time to spare.

Having formed this resolution, it at length occurred to him to wonder where he was, and, finding himself several miles from Upton, he turned his steps homeward.

Then—but not till then—he let himself think of Margaret, and, with the humility which is part of all true love, tormented himself with the thought that she never could care for him.

He began to consider every little word and action of hers, setting it in different lights, and trying to draw comfort from it for his love.

He ended by making himself very miserable.

And still how could he leave Upton till he had somehow or other gauged her mind—till he had at least some faint idea whether she were for him or against him?

In this frame of mind, determined as to his course of action, yet agitated by the great uncertainty connected with its object, he reached the court by the little gate into the shrubbery.

Feeling still unequal to meeting any of the inmates of the house, he turned towards the river just as Margaret had done before him that night in June.

There he found her once again, standing as she had done a few weeks before.

A bright winter's day was drawing to its close; and, as she turned to meet him, the cheerful glow of the sinking sun caught and lighted her face.

There was a mixture of solicitude and satisfaction in it—which made it seem to him, poor fellow, like the face of an angel—as she came forward saying—

"Where have you been? We could not think what had become of you."

"I walked over to Hazelwood."

"To Hazelwood! Why, do you know it is fifteen miles away? What a walk! And how can you have done it in the time?"

"I started directly after breakfast."

"And never told us. Miss Durrant will be angry with you. You never thought what a fright you might cause."

"I don't think it would have caused Miss Durrant the slightest concern if I had never been seen again."

"Oh, I think you are mistaken! You are a decided favorite of hers. Besides, you know, Miss Durrant is not everybody."

"I could still less flatter myself that my absence would be any real uneasiness to any one else—to you, for example."

She looked up surprised, prepared to avow the contrary with frank, honest eyes. What was there in his which made them suddenly droop, while the rose-bloom on her cheek deepened to a flush? She was silent. It seemed to her that she knew not what to say. What, on his side, was there in her silence which gave him encouragement? He looked at her.

"Do you mean to say you would care?" he asked eagerly.

But the moment's respite had given her time to recover her self-possession—at least outwardly. He could not guess the tumult at her heart.

"Of course I should care very much if any harm came to any one I knew," she replied, forcing her eyes to meet his steadily. "Besides, I owe you a debt of gratitude for laying the ghost."

She laughed so calmly that he was deceived. She had baffled him so far.

"I am going on Tuesday," he said next, after a little silence, looking carelessly away across the river, as if what reception she gave the news mattered not in the least to him.

"On Tuesday?—that is very soon!" she said quickly. "Why did you not tell us before?"

"I only knew this morning," he replied.

"Oh!" It was her turn to look away over the river now.

Of course he must go away; it was the right and proper thing. What was there hard in that? Nothing; and yet it was hard. It was no affair of hers. Why therefore should she concern herself about it? Why, indeed?—a question as yet unanswered.

She kept silence, revolving these thoughts in her mind. He was silent too. It was not a very pleasant interview, still neither of them seemed anxious to end it.

"I suppose we are not likely to see you again soon?" said the girl at last, finding the continued silence unbearable, and striving desperately to be commonplace.

"I really can't say. It depends on circumstances over which poor men like myself have no control."

Margaret did not find the answer promising; consequently there was another pause.

"What a bore poverty is!" he went on. "I used to think it was rather a despicable thing to be born rich. It made all things too smooth. It was better fun to have a little trouble in getting them. But I am beginning to alter my opinion."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Margaret gravely.

"I am, though. Everything comes to a rich man as a matter of course—even marriage. He can marry when and where he pleases."

"Can he," said Margaret, flushing with high displeasure at the implied disparagement of her sex, and forgetting all else.

"When, perhaps; but hardly where, I hope."

"Well, at any rate when he has won his lady's heart there is nothing to stand between him and her hand. And so I maintain it is the happiest thing in the world to be born rich."

His companion had never heard him talk in this strain before. She was surprised and indignant.

"You don't mean that, though you say it," she replied, with a firm belief in his better nature. "And it is not the fact. Are rich men the happiest?"

He would have given a good deal to affirm it. But truth was too strong for him.

"I can't say so from my own experience."

"No; nor from any one else's," replied the girl of twenty, as decisively as if she had had a world-wide experience of threescore years and ten.

"Happiness is not in riches. Then don't you think it may come through that discipline of denial of which you complain? Don't you think your earlier faith the true one?"

He dropped his impatient, chafing tone at her appeal.

The cynicism of his manner disappeared. It was a heavy burden which he was required to take up. Nevertheless at her word its assumption became possible.

"I suppose so," he said slowly, not laughing it off or denying the truth, as he would have done to any one else.

"But as far as the example I gave you is concerned—that is to say marriage—one is almost tempted to make an exception."

Margaret was silent.

"Well?" he said, determined to make her speak.

"I know nothing about such things," she replied evasively.

"What do you think about them then?" he demanded, half-provoked. "I believe you agree with me, and want to get out of saying so."

"I do nothing of the kind," said Margaret quickly, stung beyond reason at such words from him.

"I don't like giving an opinion on such things, but if I must, I think rich people are none the better for being able to get married so easily and so quickly.

"How are two people to know in so short a time whether they really care for each other? And if they don't how are they to endure each other during all the long years of married life? It is all the better for poor people that Mr. Tennyson's sort of courtship is often the only one possible to them."

"Mr. Tennyson! Miss Lindsay, I am talking of practical, everyday life, not of a poet's dreamy sentimentalities," laughed the young man, with a touch of scorn.

The touch of scorn was too much for her prudent desire to remain silent. Surely, however small her strength, she must do her utmost to resist such an attack on such an outwork of the higher life as this! Doing what a woman rarely does—forgetting herself in her cause—she answered, with eyes shining with repressed enthusiasm—

> "'To worship her with years of noble deeds,
> Until he win her.'

Do you call that a dreamy sentimentality, Mr. Durrant? If so, you and I have very different ideas about things. It is at least with such sentimentalities as this that I elect to cast in my lot."

"Shall we make that a compact then?" he said quickly, as she ended, in a tone that dissipated at once her enthusiastic ardor.

His face was flushed and his voice trembled with eagerness and anxiety. As she perceived it she knew that she had committed herself to the very thing she had been trying to avoid, and her heart failed her.

The flush spread from his face into hers. She was trembling in every limb, as, in a voice of steady constraint, she asked—

"What compact?"

"There is only one girl I ever saw who is worthy to be won by years of deeds. Do you think she would let them win her at last?"

He ceased, and waited with keenest anxiety for her reply—waited with eager eyes fixed upon the drooping golden head, on the sweet downcast face that could not meet his own.

She, meanwhile—what answer could she make? What words could all the power of her womanhood teach her in which she could safely reply, telling him as much and yet no more than the outward question—not wholly denying him, all the time, that further answer its hidden meaning so urgently demanded?

"I don't know her, of course, so I can hardly tell," she said, trying in vain to meet his searching gaze unconcernedly, and hurrying out the words lest they should meet interruption and denial; "but"—and her deep eyes fell again, and the swift words became perforce low and fluttering—"if she is not very proud or very foolish I think she will."

The latter half of the sentence could scarce be said to break the silence of the quiet evening air, so faintly was it spoken.

But Edward Durrant heard it and understood, and a great thrill of joy swept over him as he seized her hands and covered them with kisses, murmuring some incoherent words of thanks for having given him that hope.

"Don't, please!" she cried, scarlet with burning blushes. And then she broke away from him like a wild thing, and ran back to the house without another word or look.

He stayed behind, wrapped awhile in the happy dream—"She loves me." And then—"If she loves me, why may not I ask her, and she tell me plainly?" cried his heart, impatient of veiled words and long delay. "Nay," replied reason and honor, "you must ask no more, and she has said enough. You must be content to bear this shadow of doubt and uncertainty. You have gained as much—nay, more than you deserve."

And so after due battle honor and reason gained the day. He came in conqueror of himself, calmer and quieter than usual.

Imperious Miss Durrant appeared annoyed at his loss of brilliancy. But he laid her wrath very little to heart that night.

As for Margaret, she felt as if lost in a new and unreal world; very puzzled, alternating swiftly between joy and fear; heartily glad at first, like the child she was, but two days intervened between that speech and his departure; losing her gladness as they passed, and she felt the charm of the grave, reverent, over-mindful manner he had assumed towards her; seized sometimes with a sudden misgiving as she fancied she saw that manner excite his cousin's attention, and her keen eyes light with a smothered glow of displeasure.

But outwardly, except that she kept away from Mr. Durrant, and was somewhat quiet and constrained towards him, she managed to preserve her ordinary demeanor.

Only the old piano had never spoken in such sweet tender strains as those in which it answered to her touch those few nights. And when he came at parting to say good-bye, he read in her dewy eyes that which filled his heart with joy.

CHAPTER IX.

FATHER and son traveled down from London together with a sense that something unpleasant was impending. The next morning they had it out.

"And you expect me to allow you to wreck your future for the sake of this romantic folly," was the paternal comment as Edward finished.

"The thing is simply impossible. I should have imagined you had common sense more than enough to have seen that."

So spoke Mr. Durrant, sensible and practical, bent on his son's making the most of his prospects in the world's market.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I mean it to become possible; not at once, of course—that is out of the question—but in the future."

So spoke the son, equally resolute and practical; certainly not sensible according to his father's view.

"Have you got the girl's consent?"

"No.

"If I cannot marry yet, I am not going to ask her to be my wife."

"Then you don't know whether she likes you?"

"I cannot say anything as to that.

"I certainly have no such evidence to offer as you would accept."

"What a fool you are, then! Though the girl is only too likely to wait for you.

"What a scheming adventuress she must be to have managed to entrap you—you, who never gave me a moment's anxiety on this score hitherto."

Mr. Durrant would have given a good deal to retract the words the moment they were spoken.

He was too cool and sensible generally to indulge in the dangerous luxury of calling names. Edward rose from his seat, a flush of anger gathering on his face.

"Father," he said hoarsely, "I trust there is no other man living who would dare to insult her so before me. And I cannot trust myself to risk hearing even you repeat it."

And he left the room.

"Don't be a fool, Edward!" cried his father after him—but in vain.

Matters remained in this uncomfortable state for some few days. At last the wife and mother came forward as mediator. Not that she approved of her boy's fancy. There was a certain bright, pretty young heiress in the neighborhood whom she had grown accustomed to regard as a most eligible future daughter-in-law.

But she was not proof against her son's sad young face, and her womanly sympathy for his pain was naturally greater than an his father felt. Therefore at length she ventured to ask the stern husband, of whom she stood in considerable awe, whether something could not be done for him, and, to her surprise found him rather relieved by the inquiry than otherwise.

He had taken up an extreme position—a thing to which he was in general averse—and, like most extreme positions, it was likely to prove a useless and dangerous one.

He was conscious that he might only drive his son the more quickly into a hasty

and imprudent marriage in the endeavor to dissuade him from it altogether.

Would it not be better to temporise, and adopt such measures as might effectually prevent the marriage, supposing the attachment to be merely a passing fancy, while they would at any rate defer it for a while, even should it prove real and lasting?

Like the great Elizabeth, Mr. Durrant had a strong idea of the advantages consequent on gaining time.

In his perplexity and distress he fell back on it now.

If he could gain a year, what might not happen in that time?

Edward might, and probably would, forget the girl, or she might die, or marry somebody else—a contingency devoutly to be desired.

He thought it over.

Finally, one day he called his son, and said—

"If I gave my consent to this preposterous scheme of yours to-morrow, may I ask how much nearer you would be to its fulfilment?

"You know perfectly well I cannot afford to make you any allowance."

"I know that," answered the young man; "I know it must be a thing of years; that I cannot have my wife till I have earned the wherewithal to maintain her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Gray's Farm.

BY HERBERT GOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

THE house known as Gray's Farm was a rambling, old-fashioned place with gable ends and lattice windows, and was completely covered with monthly roses and honey-suckle.

Its porch seemed crumbling away with age, and was in very truth only held together by the tenacity of the clinging flowers.

The stone floor at its entrance was well worn, as also were the benches on either side.

There was an air of comfort and peace about the old house, which immediately struck one upon viewing it.

The whiteness of the blinds and curtains at the windows spoke favorably for the domestic cleanliness of the housekeeper; and the flowers peeping in at the open casements gave an appearance of freshness and pleasantness quite charming.

The lawn was trim and neat, and gay with old-fashioned flowers.

And these sweet old flowers were perfectly in accordance with the tastes and manners of the bees, who came forth in goodly numbers from the hives at the end of the garden to enjoy them.

The long sweep of field beyond the lawn, which, if the owners had been so minded, might in justice have been called a park, was cropped close by the cows and sheep feeding on its pasturage.

And as you stood at the porch of the house and looked right away across the home-field, the eye could not rest on a single building, for Gray's Farm was quite secluded, and was a goodly distance from any other house.

And this isolation it was that threw about it such a halo of peace.

The outhouses and barns were situated at the side of the house, so that, on account of the thick trees and bushes, they were not seen from the lawn.

But it was pleasant to hear the clucking of hens, the lowing of kine, the barking of dogs, the rattle of pails, and other sounds indicative of farm-life.

Farmer Gray is proud of the old place, which he has known from childhood, for it has come down from father to son through generations.

Farmer Gray is proud of his daughter—his only child.

A pretty bright young girl is Nellie Gray.

She never knew her mother, and has lived all alone with her father at the Farm save for the three years she was away at school.

But Nellie has left school now some two years, and has fully established herself as mistress of the Farm.

And a very kind and lovable mistress she is.

All love her who work for her and her father.

In the village she is a favorite too; her visits are eagerly looked for by a great many.

The vicar always finds her ready to assist him in any way she can, and he holds her in high esteem.

Nellie is very fond of her father, and much attached to the Farm.

She has promised to marry Mark Grant, of the Meadow Farm.

She loves Mark very deeply, and is not a little proud of him.

But it cannot be wondered at, seeing what a fine handsome fellow he is.

There are many girls very envious of Nellie, seeing she has stolen the heart of the handsomest man in the village.

And Farmer Gray is highly pleased with his future son-in-law.

He always looked favorably on Mark Grant, and when he found out he loved his daughter, he offered him no opposition, but plainly told the young fellow he was down right glad.

Mark is doing very well.

Things have prospered with him since he took the Meadow Farm, and he has been urging Nellie to fix the day for the wedding.

Nellie will not but laugh, and says there is plenty of time.

And Mark cannot be angry, he can only laugh too.

He thinks that Nellie might name the day.

He thinks sometimes whether she is afraid to trust him, but indignantly thrusts the thought aside whenever it arises to his mind.

He thinks Nellie is very wilful; but then, for the matter of that, what pretty girl is not wilful?

He thinks when they are married she will not want her own way quite so much.

Happy Mark, thinking so: I doubt not there are many others who have thought the same.

Nellie was fond of flattery.

She was a little vain, yet she could not be strictly called a coquette.

She loved Mark Grant as truly and deeply as it was possible for her to love, yet she was not quite prepared to give up her freedom just at present.

Mark was a plain honest yeoman, gaining his living by the sweat of his brow—no lisping, fair-spoken hanger-on of society—and could not for the life of him pay a pretty compliment.

He could only tell Nellie he loved her, and with him that embodied everything. He never even told her she looked pretty, though she thought he might have done so.

Nellie, one day when returning home through the fields to the Farm, met with an infuriated bull, and had a narrow escape of being killed.

The animal was close upon her, and she was faint and exhausted with running and crying for help, but fortunately, in the nick of time, a gentleman came by, and saved poor Nellie from her perilous position.

Her preserver was Captain Reginald Carr brother of Mrs. Vynor-Dalmaine of the Grange, who was a guest of his sister and her husband.

Nellie had seen him in church, and thought how handsome and distingue he was.

Of course Captain Carr saw Nellie safely home, and received Farmer Gray's profuse thanks.

Mark also was thankful to Carr for the service he had rendered.

He did not quite like the man—he mistrusted him at once.

He determined to watch very closely the movements of the stranger, for he did not like his manner.

Farmer Gray gave the hero a general invitation, and told him the Farm would be always open house to him.

He was only too ready to reply that he should be sure to avail himself of the privilege, whereat Mark inwardly shuddered, and his brow darkened and lowered.

Captain Reginald Carr had been a reckless man about town, living in extravagance and dissipation, and now, wearied and satiated, had come for rest and quiet into the country.

He found everything fresh and charming especially the old house known as Gray's Farm, and more especially still its fair young mistress.

As he had been bidden to come, with some excuse or other, Carr managed to call at the house.

Nellie was pleased with his little attentions, charmed with his pretty speeches, and utterly bewildered with his tender manner.

She could not help comparing him with Mark, to the great disadvantage of the latter.

And Mark looked on and saw this, and yet said not a word.

He waited his time.

All the while the gay captain was pouring his honeyed words into the ears of the young country maiden, with whom he was amusing himself, Mark was watchful.

It was quite refreshing for this man of the world to meet such charming naivete and innocence.

The guileless young maiden had not the knowledge of the world to cope with such as Reginald Carr.

At last he congratulated himself upon gaining a considerable point in the furtherance of his ends.

He prevailed on Nellie to break off her engagement with Mark.

One morning she wrote him a letter, which cost her many tears, telling him to think no more of her.

She breathed not a word of this to her father.

She could have done so for all the whole world.

Though she loved him very, very deeply, she was a little bit afraid of him, especially in a matter of this sort.

And this is how affairs stand at Gray's Farm before the action commences.

Now the overture is over, the curtain is rung up, and we are introduced to the dramatis personæ that figure on the play-bill.

CHAPTER II.

FARMER GRAY is seated, in the cool of the evening, in a large arm-chair just without the porch of the Farm.

A small table is close at hand, on which are placed his tobacco-jar, matches, and long clay pipe.

This latter he carefully fills lights, and puffs away at.

He seems quite happy and comfortable as he leans back in the chair.

After several whiffs, which evidently give him great satisfaction, he glances up at the clear sky, and mutters to himself, as he looks right away over the long home-field:

"Nice weather this for the crops, and if it lasts fine another week I shall have all my hay in without having a drop of wet on it.

"I've had hard work this season, harder than I've had before.

"Some of my best hands, and the new ones aren't up to the mark; gives me more to do myself.

"Well, if you want anything done properly it's the only way to do it yourself."

Having given expression to this very trite remark, Farmer Gray puffs away vigorously again.

He always has an idea that nothing is ever right unless it is done under his immediate supervision, and on this account he gives himself much needless work and trouble.

To-day he has had an especially hard day, has well earned the repose he is now taking.

Again the pipe is rested across his knee, whilst he delivers himself of the following, in a voice that might be heard distinctly within the porch should any one be there to listen:

"The women don't work in the hayfields like they used to: it's too hard work, and not grand enough.

"Why, I remember in my old father's days, before I had the farm, my sisters, and mother too sometimes, used to rake and toss the hay with the best of us.

"Now my daughter only looks on, and thinks it pretty sport, and how it would soil her hands if she was to try.

"Not that I mean to say a word against her, pretty soul!

"She don't care to do hard work, and it's fortunate for her she ain't obliged to. I've given her an education to fit her for the best of 'em, and no lady in the country is prettier or knows more than my little Nellie does."

He pauses to take another whiff, but finds the light has gone out from his big pipe.

He busies himself to relight it, and continues, as he does so, with many shakes of the head, as follows: "She talks French and Italian, and really I don't know what else.

"She plays the piano and sings.

"When a man is tired with the day's work it's downright good to come to such a home as this, and find such a girl as my Nellie."

Just at this moment Nellie appears in the porch with a tankard of foaming home-brewed ale, which she is bringing to her father.

She sings gaily as she comes out into the air, and places the tankard on the table within easy reach of Farmer Gray.

She knows well how to look after him, and attend to his little wants and fancies. She knows he has worked hard to-day, and is glad to see him resting.

She bends down and kisses him, but the smoke from the tobacco, which is not of the choicest, goes into her face, and she exclaims petulantly, as she moves away from its reach.

"O father, why do you smoke that horrid clay pipe?"

"Why, does it offend you, child?" he asks; "it never used."

"I don't know," Nellie says rather undecidedly; "only cigars seem so much nicer, and smell so much better."

Farmer Gray looks surprised, and removes his pipe from his mouth whilst he looks searchingly at Nellie.

"Cigars are all very well for swells, but they don't do for simple farmers like myself; we should send all our gains into the air with the smoke," he says, chuckling inwardly at the wisdom of his remark.

"Captain Carr never smokes anything else," Nellie says, as she moves farther away.

"O yes, he does," the old farmer says, smiling, "for the other evening he sat on that seat there and had a clay with me, and enjoyed it too."

"I am sure it must have been very disagreeable to him," she says, coming towards her father again.

"Then why did he do it?" he asks, greatly surprised.

Nellie seats herself on the grass at her father's feet.

"In society you must do a great many things that are disagreeable," she says, "for the sake of being polite."

Farmer Gray cannot understand this; it is quite beyond his simple reasoning. He stares for a moment, quite astonished, and then bursts forth:

"Then I should say, Blow society. Let a man do as he likes, that's what I say: it's what I do myself, and I expect every one who comes here to see me to do the same."

"You are always pleased to see Captain Carr," Nellie says; "aren't you, father?"

"Ay, child, ay; I try to make every one welcome that comes to Gray's Farm. The best I have I'll give 'em, both to eat and drink."

With an immense amount of satisfaction at this hospitable out-burst, Farmer Gray lays aside his pipe and leaves his chair.

"That is why every one likes coming here, Captain Carr included," Nellie says.

The farmer looks down at his daughter, and, without thought of suspicion, says:

"I fancy Mark is jealous of him."

In a moment Nellie springs to her feet, and, with downcast eyes and a petulant manner, says:

"Mark is very foolish, then.

"Captain Carr saved me from being killed; and I am sure Mark ought to be much obliged to him, as you are."

"He is obliged to him right enough. I told Mark I could not be grateful to him for saving your life, that moment as he came I would show him all the hospitality in my power."

Nellie goes into the porch and draws a spray of roses towards her, and looks very much like Tennyson's Gardener's Daughter.

"Mark is too exacting," she says, plucking the fairest flower she can find on the spray; "he thinks I ought never to speak to any one but him; and it's very ridiculous and absurd to imagine that because a girl is engaged to one man she should never look at another; I have told him so again and again."

Farmer Gray thinks it a good opportunity to speak of a subject he has often thought of broaching, and so at once plunges into it.

"He was speaking to me yesterday about settling down: he wants to be married soon now, Nellie girl."

"Then he'll have to wait till I choose," she answers petulantly, quite annoyed. "I am not going to marry when it pleases him."

"He is a worthy fellow, my child; a straightforwarder, honester man I never knew.

"It's a lucky day for the girl that weds Mark Grant."

"I don't know that he is such a catch as you imagine."

"Handsome Mark the girls call him about here.

"There are many that would go through a great deal to get a smile from him."

"He doesn't smile very often, so they would find it a great deal of trouble."

"He has a snug little farm, and is working it well. Every one speaks good of him."

Nellie cannot gainsay this—not that she would wish to, only it is just a little bit tiresome to have Mark's good qualities thrust before her now.

"Poor Mark!" she says, in a pitying tone. "I don't think he would do any one harm."

"He would go out of his way to do any one good; that I know he would. I must talk to you some other time about this. Mark says he can't get you to fix a day for the wedding.

"Run in after my hat, there's a dear; I am going down to the fields again. I don't suppose they've done much without me."

Nellie disappears within the house to obey her father's behest; and he mutters, as he takes up the tankard:

"A wayward child! A spoilt darling! She's has her way in everything."

When he places the tankard empty upon the table, he sees Mark Grant standing before him.

He has come upon the lawn from among the thick foliage that quite hides the little entrance wicket-gate.

He is a strongly built athletic man, rising six feet high.

A sunburnt, frank, open face, with bright speaking eyes, and black curly hair; no hair upon his face but a small moustache, rivalling in color the blackness of his hair.

"Good-evening, Mr. Gray," he says rather indolently.

"Ah, Mark, is that you?" the old man asks, somewhat surprised.

"I've just come up to see Nellie a bit," he says quite sadly. "Where is she?"

Mark takes off his hat, and wipes his forehead.

"You don't seem well. What's the matter? anything wrong?" the old farmer asks quite concernedly.

"I don't know exactly, Mr. Gray," Mark answers, as he throws himself, utterly weary, upon a bench. "I feel—well, I don't think I ever felt before as I do now."

"Been working in the sun too long, perhaps; sit down and have a chat with Nellie, and you'll soon be all right."

"I hope so. Are you going out?"

"I am going into the Long Acre to see if they've stacked all the hay there, and then into the Square Paddock to see if the rick there has pitched at all; I am rather afraid it will."

"I've had a pretty hard day of it," Mark says, as he rises with an effort from the bench. "I bought that horse I spoke to you about."

"You may rest pretty sure he'll turn out all right."

Mark glances towards the porch, and sees Nellie with her father's hat in hand, and exclaims, immensely relieved:

"Ah, here's Nellie."

Nellie's first impulse is to run away; she has not seen Mark since she wrote the letter yesterday breaking off the engagement: but she cannot, so she comes forth and hands the hat to her father. Mark advances to meet her, but does not kiss her, as was his wont, and does not even hold out his hand to her, but only says:

"Well, Nell, how are you this evening?"

Nellie answers in a low voice:

"I am quite well, thank you," and offers no other remark. Fortunately, Farmer Gray does not notice the coolness between them, but only says:

"Now I must leave you two, and don't expect me back till late. I shall see you again, Mark; you won't go till I get home? Good-bye for the present."

He snatches a hasty kiss from Nellie, and goes across the turf to the gravel-path that leads through the shrubs to the wicket-gate, and leaves Mark and Nellie alone together

CHAPTER III.

NELLIE is really frightened. Much as she loves Mark, in her heart of hearts she cannot help being a little afraid of him now. He looks so vexed and stern, and the smile of joy and happiness he generally wears when in her presence she misses. As soon as Farmer Gray is lost to

sight, Mark strides up to Nellie, and, with almost a sob, says:

"O Nellie, I don't know how I have stayed away all day."

Nellie affects indifference; and, with an attempt at ill-temper and a shrug of the shoulders, replies,

"I am sure I can't tell you."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Nell, don't treat me like this; you'll drive me mad!"

"How do you want me to treat you?" she asks, as she moves away from him.

"I cannot believe I am awake," he murmurs, half to himself, heedless of her question; "I fancy I must be dreaming. I don't know how I have got through the day."

Nellie feels she must steel her heart against this man, must become wholly indifferent to him; and it is better to do it at once if she can.

"The same as usual, I suppose," she says, taking up his last remark, and laughing a little ironically.

Poor Mark! poor Mark! This is more than he can put up with; he chokes down a sob, crushes out a spirit of intense anger, walks up to Nellie's side, and says, in a voice so fierce and determined that she quails:

"Is it true that you don't love me any longer?"

She is herself again in a minute. All the woman rises to the occasion; she is not going to be treated in this way; she wants respect shown her.

The spirit of self-will asserts itself; the natural love of coquetry, which is more or less dormant in every woman, comes to her aid; the pleasure of being able to play with the power and sway she holds over the man is strong within her; she slowly walks to a bench under a large beech at hand, and says, as she indolently sits upon it:

"I think that is what I told you."

This coolness, whether assumed or real, is getting too much for Mark: a fierce light comes into his eyes; beneath the moustache the lips are firmly closed; the expression on his face is not pleasant to behold. He walks after her, and throws himself on the bench by her side. There the lips part, the face relaxes its stern expression, and, in a tone of great anguish, the man wails—

"It can't be true; it can't be true."

But there is no relenting on the woman's part; she has caused the wound, and now she probes it.

"Do you imagine you can interpret my feelings better than I myself?"

"I know that you love me; you have told me so often; and you cannot change, Nell—you cannot, I am sure."

Will tenderness do more than fierceness—will reproach triumph over anger?

"I thought you would behave like a gentleman, and have taken without further question my letter, wherein I released you from your engagement to me, and had the good taste not to mention the subject again."

Mark is true as steel, as honest as the day, as proud and noble as the highest in the land.

"But I don't want to be released from the engagement; I will stand by it to the world's end."

There is a tone of triumph in his voice as he says this, which quickly changes when he gets up from the seat and confronts Nellie.

She has wounded him on a tender point, thoughtlessly no doubt, but then thoughtless words wound more deeply than the sayer of them ever imagines.

"I never was a fine gentleman, Nell; one of those swells who hang about society with polished speech and graceful ways; I am only a rough, untutored farmer, working for my living, and not living by my wits."

He turns away very slowly, and very sadly.

In a moment Nellie is by his side, contrite for having vexed him, penitent for having probed the wound so deeply.

"You are kind, and good, and noble, I know, Mark; but we are not suited to each other.

"It is better to find it out now than to discover it when it is too late."

Mark turns to her with the old smile, the old love welling up strongly.

"I have never loved any one but you, Nell, and I thought you would never love any one else but me.

"I have tried all I can to make you love me, and I have been so happy in thinking I had succeeded.

"I know you are worthy of some one better than I, some one much better; but there is no one on the face of the earth that can love you like I do."

Nellie is not so positive on this last point as Mark is; and she says, "Ah, yes, there is!"

"Then I only trust you may find him," he solemnly rejoins.

She does not wish him to think her wholly unkind, cruel, and unfeeling; so trying in some measure to condone the harshness of her conduct, she says—

"I shall be pleased to be always friendly with you."

He gives her a reproving look, a look that shows how deeply he loves her, yet how truly distressed he is.

"Don't talk like that, Nell—as though I could bear it.

"If you really give me up I shall go away—very far away—to Australia; and you and I will never meet again."

Nellie does not like the idea of his going away from the old country to seek his fortune anew in a foreign land among strange people.

She feels a choking sensation, but masters it.

"There is no need of doing that.

"You are getting on so well here; every one says so."

There is something in her voice that reassures Mark, that makes him think that, after all, she really loves him at the bottom of her heart.

"But I don't care to get on well when I have no object in doing so.

"I have been trying to make a comfortable home for you, Nell; one which would be a fair exchange for the happy one you would leave.

"I have had every flower trained over the house as you wished, every flower-bed arranged as you thought best, and I have been so happy in doing it."

Kind, generous Mark! Nellie feels how noble and true your nature is.

She knows she has wounded you beyond hope of recovery; she can only try to soothe you now.

"You will marry before very long, and forget me altogether."

She doubts his faithfulness; she injures him more than she thinks.

His proud, sensitive nature cannot bear a slur of this kind. He looks at her as though the wrong she would impute to him were almost past forgiveness.

Nellie cannot look at the sad mournful face, with the expression of tender pity, yet of intense love; she looks away, and he, in a voice from which it is impossible to banish the trace of tears, says—

"Do you know me so little, child? Do you think I am quite so heartless and unfeeling?"

She can only reproach herself now; she has no other refuge.

"I should never have made you as happy as you ought to be, Mark; I am not the girl for your wife."

She has opened a fresh field for him; he is able now to approach the subject he has been wanting to.

"It is only lately you have thought this; you never used to think so.

"Ah, Nell, my darling,"—he approaches her now with the old love light in his eyes,—"it only seems yesterday we talked as if the whole world were nothing to us, so that we belonged to each other."

Nellie has a great struggle to keep back the tears, but she succeeds.

"I have been very foolish; I suppose your asking me to be your wife flattered me, and I never seriously considered whether I loved you or not until lately."

"You had no need to consider; you told me so; for you loved me from the very first—from the very first, Nell."

She moves away from Mark now, and begins to pluck to pieces a rose she has gathered.

There is coquetry in her remark which she makes no effort to conceal.

"A girl is at liberty to change her mind."

But she strikes a wrong note again; there is a discord produced, and not harmony.

She must be careful, playing with this man; he is not one to be befooled and beguiled by a woman's wilfulness and perverseness.

"But is she at liberty to break a man's heart?" he demands.

No answer; but every petal of the rose falls to the ground from the quick nervous fingers.

There is a little softening on Mark's part, a touch of tenderness in his manner, a depth of pathos in his voice, as he says—

"Oh, Nell, you will break my heart if you refuse to become my wife."

A moment's reflection, and only a moment's; the hand is stretched out and tears from its stem another rose; the petals are torn away ruthlessly and cast to the winds, a determination takes possession of the girl which she has been striving long to gain, and she utters in a voice petulant, yet decisive—

"I do refuse. I do not love you."

The blow is dealt; there is no withholding it now. Mark staggers like a man stunned.

Nellie does not look at him, for she fears for what she has done. He recovers in a few minutes sufficiently to speak, but composure has not returned to him. He speaks in a dreamy far-away tone that quite astonishes Nellie.

"You do not love me! I hear you say it, and it goes like a death-blow to my heart. I have no right now to press you to marry me. I release you, Nell, from your engagement. I would sooner die, Nell, than ask you to become my wife, knowing you have no love for me. I would not do such a wrong. I love you too dearly, little Nell."

That is all his reproach; no upbraiding, no bitterness.

"That is you, Mark; that is spoken like yourself.

"I am very sorry I am causing you unhappiness. I would not do it if I could help it. Forgive me, Mark, and don't think too harshly of me.

"Father does not know of this yet; I have not told him I wrote to you. He told me this evening you had spoken to him about the wedding-day."

"I won't speak to him about it again.

"I won't tell him you have given me up—it nearly chokes me to say it—unless you wish."

"That's a kind old Mark. I don't want you to tell him just yet."

"You may trust me, Nell. But I know the reason well enough why you do not care for me any longer."

Nellie knows full well to what Mark alludes; she almost dreads to hear him say it, and yet she has gone so far, and she will carry her part through to the end.

"Oh, there is no reason," she says carelessly.

Now is Mark's time to play the card he has been holding so long in his hand, and has been waiting an opportunity to throw out.

He is not vindictive, he is not angry: the tone of his voice is not raised, as he says—

"The reason is Captain Carr."

Nellie impulsively turns away, and, almost in an imploring tone, says—

"Oh, don't mention his name, please."

But Mark has much to say on this subject now: he is sorry to vex Nellie, but he owes it to himself to speak of the man who has supplanted him in so stealthy a way.

"You haven't been the same to me, Nell, since you met him."

What can she say, what excuse can she offer?

"He is very kind and attentive to me."

Mark, poor fellow, knows this is but an empty excuse. He cannot speak harshly to Nellie, though he knows she is deserving of it. He looks tenderly at her, and says, with a touch of pride in his voice—

"You see the difference between him and me.

"I'm not the fine-spoken gentleman he is. I don't pay the pretty compliments he does. I don't assume the easy graceful manners that are his."

"Captain Carr has seen a great deal of society," she says, feeling a little proud that he has noticed her.

Mark turns on his heel, smiles bitterly, and in a voice in which a sneer can be detected, mutters—

"And I have seen none."

Nellie thinks it great interference to speak to her like this, considering her father has not found it necessary to bring the subject before her. She is determined to punish him for this interference, and thinks it will annoy him by saying—

"Father likes him very much."

She is right in her conjecture.

Mark turns to her savagely, the spirit roused in him at last.

He is no longer tame; she has taunted him till he can bear it no more.

She shrinks away as she sees his fierce manner, and hears him hurl out his words:

"But would your father like him if he know he met you daily in your walks—if he knew he had poured forth his honeyed words to you?"

He softens a little now.

"Oh, have a care Nell; as yet your father knows nothing, and he shall hear nothing from me; but the gossips are busy at work, and things may come to his knowledge that will displease and annoy him.

"Captain Carr is not a man to be trusted; I have watched him pretty closely, and I shall watch him closely as long as he is in this neighborhood."

Nellie grows indignant at this, and lets Mark see it, for she retorts angrily.

"He is not prepared to have a spy upon his actions."

"Then his actions should be those that do not require the slightest looking after."

"He is a gentleman, Mark Grant, and gentlemen's actions need no espionage, especially from total strangers like yourself."

Mark draws nearer to her and says tenderly—

"Ah, Nell, this Captain Carr has cast a glamour about you; you are blinded for a time."

Nellie is indignant again and says petulantly—

"Let us drop the subject of Captain Carr."

But Mark determines to let Nellie know what he thinks of this man before he drops the subject.

"I tell you, Nell, that Captain Carr is a scoundrel, a big scoundrel."

"He is nothing of the kind; he is a gentleman."

Mark laughs a short sarcastic laugh as he says:

"Haven't you learnt yet that even gentlemen are scoundrels sometimes?"

Nellie turns sharply upon Mark now and faces him steadily.

She has gained composure so far as her interview with Mark is concerned, but she is angry beyond control now that he has insulted Captain Carr.

"I will not hear another word, Mr. Grant; you had better be careful what you say. I wish you good-evening."

She has reached the porch now, and Mark makes a step or two forward to arrest her. She sees his intention and is determined to frustrate it.

"It is no use to apologize," she says, "you have said more than you ought; and you may have to prove your words."

She disappears into the house, and Mark slowly betakes himself to a bench and throws himself upon it fairly puzzled and bewildered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ASHAMED TO BE SEEN.—In Omaha a man his wife and seven children have not stirred out of the house for ten years, except at night, when they occasionally walked out in the dark of the moon. They deal with one grocer for meat, fuel and provisions. The supplies in the evening are taken in through a window in the rear. He has never seen any of the family. His bills are paid regularly, and there seems to be no lack of money. They keep a coffin in the house for each member of the family, and order a new one as it is increased in number. These coffins, from the East, are all of adult size, so that they will be sure to be large enough. They are stored in the attic of the cottage. A physician has attended the family regularly. He has never seen one of them, though he has ushered all the children into the world. He always receives a fee of $25 in gold for each visit, however trifling the ailment. The doors and windows are kept closed in the warmest weather, and it seems to be a vacant house. No one knows the reason of such conduct, and it is presumed that they are ashamed of being seen in Omaha. There are people who feel that way.

Scientific and Useful.

SLEEP.—The *Scientific Californian* says that sleepless people should court the sun which is the very best soporific.

REDUCING FAT.—Dr. Gibb recommends the use of bromide of ammonia to those who suffer from obesity. When taken in small doses it will absorb fat and diminish the weight of the body with greater certainty than any other known remedy.

GLASS NAPKINS.—Curiosity lovers and those scientifically inclined may be much gratified to know that napkins are now being made of spun glass, a luxury which few persons will deny themselves at the reasonable price of $100 per dozen. They are of delicate pearl color, about the size of an ordinary breakfast napkin and almost as pliable as silk. The filling consists of minute glass threads, crossed by a silk chain, and fringe of glass fibre is about two inches long.

CEMENT FOR LEATHER.—As a cement for leather which is subjected a moderate strain, *New Remedies* offers the following: Soak equal parts of glue and isinglass for ten hours with enough water to cover them then add about one-fourth part of tannin, and boil until the mixture becomes sticky. The surface of the leather must first be roughened with some coarse tool; they are then well rubbed with the above mixture while warm, and firmly pressed together. After a few hours they will be found united.

WOODEN FLOORS.—The following will be found useful in clearing and restoring color to wooden floors: One part calcinated soda is allowed to stand three-quarters of an hour in one part slack lime, then add fifteen parts of water and boil. Spread the solution thus obtained upon the floor with a rag and after drying rub with a hard brush and fine sand and water. A solution of one part concentrated sulphuric acid and eight parts water will enliven the wood after the above application. When dry wash and wax the floor.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—A new "perpetual motion machine has been honored with a lengthy description in the *Scientific American*. Briefly, the machine consists of a number of cylinders containing air, which, expanding and contracting as it is affected by the constantly varying temperature outside the cylinders, creates the force that is used to drive the machinery. As the *American* says, "this machine will hardly be classed among perpetual motion machines of the usual types, as it has an ever-varying force of nature behind it which will cause it to operate so long as heat and cold alternate, or until the machine is destroyed by wear or time."

Farm and Garden.

THE TOAD.—A careful observer reports that he has seen a toad swallow fifty-four rose-bugs for a single meal, and another feast on five large green caterpillars, two-thirds the size of a lady's little finger. They will even take the hairy caterpillars that most birds dislike. Farmers and gardeners would do well to cultivate so useful though humble friends as these.

PURE CISTERN WATER.—A hint as to the way to keep cisterns pure, is given by an exchange. It is simply to run the supply pipe to near the bottom of the cistern. The fresh water being heavier than the old, forces the latter up to the top, where it is purified by the air, or is consumed before it becomes impure. In addition clean out the cistern thoroughly at least twice a year.

BURNING STRAW.—Some one sensibly declares that is poor economy to burn straw. There are so many useful purposes for straw that the wise farmer will scarcely need to have recourse to fire to get rid of it. It makes an excellent mulch for all kinds of fruit trees and berry vines. Use it for bedding and by frequent changing increase the compost heap. Spread it on dry knolls and place in meadows and pastures where the grass has burned or died out.

CROP-BOUND.—Should a fowl become crop-bound work the crop well with the hand, and endeavor to force away the obstruction in the passage way to the gizzard. should this fail, draw the skin to one side and cut the crop sufficiently to relieve it of the contents. Sew up the wound with silk and the fowl will not be seriously damaged. After the cutting be sure that the obstruction in the passage is removed as well as the contents.

CHARCOAL POULTICE.—If pulverized charcoal forms part of the ingredients of a poultice of any kind for man or beast it proves one of the most cleansing applications for an old sore, or a festering and painful wound that can be used. It will effectually prevent the growth of "proud flesh" and leaves the edges of the sore as bright and clean as a new cut. It may be used in connection with flax seed, slippery elm, bread or cracker poultices; just add finely powdered charcoal enough to cover the poultice after it is spread.

FRUIT HOUSE.—An Illinois fruit grower has constructed a fruit house which affords protection alike from summer's heat and winter's cold. Two rows of posts are set, boarded inside and out; the intervening space is filled in with straw poked as closely as possible. Two sets of rafters are then put on, the upper three feet above the lower, which is covered with boards, and this space is also filled with straw, after which a board roof covers the building. Provided with proper ventilation fruit is kept in perfect condition for many months.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPT. 1, 1883.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RAISE CLUBS.

A GRAND OFFER!

A Copy of our Beautiful Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," to each subscriber, whether single or in clubs.

Presenting the Bride!

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As to THE POST, there are few in this country, or any other country, who are not familiar with it. Established in 1821, it is the oldest paper of its kind in America, and for more than half a century it has been recognized as the Leading Literary and Family Journal in the United States. For the coming year we have secured the best writers of this country and Europe, in Prose and Verse, Fact and Fiction.

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OUR DUTY TO EACH OTHER.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver chord, twisted with a thousand strings that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; the food that nourishes contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it, by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the path. Notwithstanding this is the truth so palpably confirmed by the examples before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart! We see our friends and neighbors die among us; but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world!

By surveying and properly meditating on all these circumstances, the sound and proper exercise of our fancy or imagination may be made to contribute much that is virtuous and estimable in the human character. It leads us in particular to place ourselves in the position of others, to enter into their feelings and wants, to participate in their distresses. It thus tends to the cultivation of sympathy and benevolent affections, and promotes all those feelings which exert so extensive an influence in the duties of civil and religious intercourse. We may even say that we exercise imagination when we endeavor to act upon that high standard of morals which requires us "to do to others as we would be done by." For in this situation we imagine ourselves in the situation of other men, and in their character judge of our own conduct towards them. Thus, the man deficient in imagination, though he may be free from anything unjust or dishonorable, is apt to be cold, contracted, and selfish, regardless of the feelings and indifferent to the distresses of others.

And have you made one happy heart today? Envied privilege! How calmly you seek your pillow! how sweetly you sleep! In all this world there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sun-ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us wherever we turn; there is no moment that tears are not shed and sighs uttered. How many meet but to injure each other, making wounds that no human heart can heal! Ah! if each one worked day by day to strive to make but one happy heart—jealousy, revenge, madness, hate, with their kindred evil associates, would forever leave the earth. Our minds would be so occupied in the contemplation of adding to the pleasure of others, that there would be no room for the ugly fiends of discord. Try it, ye discontented, for-ever-grumbling devotees of sorrow self-caused; it will make that little part of the world in which you move as fair as Eden.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A BOSTON rascal got a living for a while by hanging around the postoffice, pretending to be a clerk, and inducing silly people to give him the money they wanted to send in registered letters. He told them that "under a rule" they would get no receipt.

—

PARIS has a kind of a Chinese system of sewerage. In some lower cellar of every house is a tin can to which the pipes from water-closets lead. The can is frequently emptied without proper precautions, and not often enough, since in the vast majority of houses there is an odor which may be regarded as supplying the necessary atmospheric conditions for the propagation of every zymotic disease.

—

IF all the disease germs which are abroad in the atmosphere were to find the conditions which are essential to their development, the human race would be exterminated long before the millennium was due. The Chief of the Micrographical Department of the Paris Observatory has discovered that the number of disease germs of one kind or another contained in a cubic metre of the air of the French capital is in winter 7,000, in May 12,000, in June 35,000, in August 23,000, in October 14,000, and in November 8,000; and it cannot be supposed that the atmosphere in other large cities is much less tainted than it is in Paris, or that the air even in country districts is wholly uncontaminated.

—

THE wood pavement is to be given up in London. It has not only failed to realize the promised advantages, but has led, according to Professor Tyndall's report, to serious affections of the eyes and lungs. By continual watering the wood became saturated with the nastiness of the London streets, and then, under the influence of the hot sun, gave forth a species of dust which was pernicious. The old macadam system is to be restored.

—

VISITORS at Saratoga are beginning to complain about the increase of fees to waiters each year. The head-waiter at one of the big hotels bought $6,000 in government bonds at the end of the season last year, and his earnings are said to have been $10,000. One of the sources of his revenue is the power to change the seats of guests at the tables, something that people in foreign countries would not be likely to endure very long.

—

ADMISSION into what is called "good society" in London is a privilege so much coveted even by advanced Liberals that invitations to balls and social gatherings at the houses of the great are frequently given as incentives to party fidelity. Complaints have been made that the Lord Chamberlain, with a culpable neglect of the interests of the party, has not sufficiently recognized the claims of Radicals to dance in the presence of royalty.

—

HAVE courage enough to review your own conduct, to condemn it where you detect faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance, and to keep them. Speak kindly to all—to menials and dependants. Never slight nor neglect the humblest individual. Remember that he is of as much importance to himself as you are to yourself. You have no right to hurt the feelings of any person.

—

THE German Admiralty, it is reported, are going to try a novel experiment, as they intend to send a complete hospital ship to accompany the Baltic Squadron on its evolutionary cruise. A corvette has been fitted with cots, requisites for the sick and wounded, instruments and operating tables. It is intended that in any future war the vessel shall accompany the fleet into action, carrying the Geneva flag, and, in order to distinguish her, she has been painted white with a red streak.

—

WITH pressed bricks, cement pavements, and fire-proof inventions, the age of raw material for building is fast passing away. At the West they are now making boards and beams out of straw. Its toughness, its firmness in holding nails and screws, the ease with which it can be cut, the fact that it can be bent by heat and shaped in dies, all recommend it to carpenters and builders. It seems to be a non-conductor of heat and electricity. It can be rolled up into pipes of great length and light weight, and is available for a range of uses for paneling purposes for which we have no equivalent.

—

THE conviction of innocent men upon charges of crime has been of such frequent occurrence of late in Germany that the press is calling earnestly for the passage of a law to secure indemnification at the hands of the Government in such cases. Innocent men thus unjustly convicted, and perhaps utterly ruined thereby in fortune, have no redress whatever upon the discovery of the error. The latest reported victim is a man who was adjudged guilty of arson last year by the criminal court at Thorn, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment at hard labor. After serving over seven months of the term indisputable evidence of his innocence is now discovered, and he is released from prison a ruined man.

—

THE Salvation Army in London has lost $100,000, which is a crushing blow to its finances, as it destroys its entire surplus. Gen. Booth bought the lease of the Grecian Theatre for seventeen years, paying the above-mentioned sum as a bonus. The property included a garden and dance house, as well as the largest theatre in the city, and had a vicious kind of popularity. Booth diverted it all to religious uses, but soon found that a clause in the lease required him to maintain a bar for the open sale of alcoholic beverages. The owner insisted upon a strict compliance with this provision, and brought suit to enforce it. The Court gave Booth time to keep the agreement, and then declared the lease forfeited, with all the money that had been paid to the original lessee.

—

THE most humble of the civil functionaries of the French Republic are the naval cats. There are some hundreds of them, and their importance is duly recognized by the State, which supports them in such comfort and dignity as befits their official position. The French naval cat enters the service in kittenhood, and spends the first year or two of his active career on board a man-of-war, where he is berthed in the hold and permitted to devour whatever he can catch. Having thus passed through the apprenticeship, he is sent ashore and quartered at one of the five naval ports, as a terror to the rats and mice that swarm in the victualing yards and store sheds. He is then entitled to an allowance of five centimes a day, and this sum is regularly paid on his behalf to the Directors of Cats, who lays it out in horse-flesh for the use of his forces.

—

MUCH newspaper correspondence has lately been carried on as to the alleged "over-education" of children attending boarding schools. The following specimens of papers sent in by pupils at boarding schools at some recent examinations would hardly seem to corroborate the view of those who urge that the children are overworked: "Where is Turin?" "Turin is the capital of Chiner; the people there lives on birds' nests and has long tails." "What do you know of the Patriarch Abraham?" "He was the father of Lot, and had tew wifes—wun was called Hismale, and t'other Haygur. He kept one at home and he turned the other into the desert, where she becem a pillow of salt in the day-time and a pillow of fire at nit." It will be consolatory to some people to find that all the gutter-urchins are not likely to be attacked with brain-fever from undue application to study.

—

DR. DARENBURG, who has been studiously examining the cause and effects of tuberculosis, communicates to a French journal some information on the subject. He notes four cases in which the development of the disease was preceded for several years by a marked change of disposition, from amiable and considerate to peevish, selfish and morose. He concludes: That when in an adult there is observed a marked change in character, consisting especially in a general apathy and a notable indisposition for study or work, for which no cause can be determined, there is reason to suspect the possibility in the future of the development of tuberculosis. The prognosis is yet more grave if there be an hereditary disposition to this disease. And further, when once the existence of tuberculosis becomes established, a fatal termination from tubercular meningitis may be looked for.

—

MANY people are in a state of fear and terror during a thunder storm, yet reason tells us that the chance of being killed by lightning is so small as to be hardly appreciable. In the State of New York during 1874, according to the census of 1875, eighteen were killed by lightning, while forty were murdered; 194 committed suicide, 350 were drowned, 279 were killed by falls, and 83 by kicks from horses and mules. Water, therefore, is twenty times as dangerous as lightning, and the horse and the mule are doubly deserving of the terror which a thunder-storm provokes. Moreover, it could be shown, no doubt, that 90 per cent. of the deaths caused by lightning were due to foolish exposure—such a thing as taking refuge beneath a tree, or carrying an umbrella during a thunder storm. These facts, or their general inferences, are pretty well known, but they are powerless to prevent fright.

FOREST FANCIES.

BY I. O. I.

Down in the lowland, the summer flies fast,
The color is gone, and the light from her flowers,
The orchards are sodden with many showers,
And the apple-trees shiver and bend to the blast.

Down in the lowland, October has strewn
The earth with leaves like a yellow pall:—
Up on the mountain, the herdsmen call
Their cattle o'er meadows as green as June.

Up on the wonderful mountain plain,
Lingers the summer in splendor bright;
With crimson and amber the sunset light,
The day-dawn, amber and crimson again.

And all through the long green golden day,
Nought but the bells of the scattered herd;
A stillness unbroken by note or bird;
The world and its trouble all far away.

Yet, sighing, there goes through the wood a sound,
A sound of winds and of sobbing seas,
Though no wind stirs in the evergreen trees,
Nor pine-cone drops to the mossy ground.

As if all the tears unshed, and the sighs
Ever mute and unuttered on earth below,
Had laden the pines with their bitter woe—
The pine-trees skirting the violet skies.

Like souls that through life, unhelped alone
Secretly suffer, endure, and weep,
Wailing sounds through the woodland creep
And the pines of the forest dimly moan.

Edith's Faith.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

"YOU will be back as soon as you can, Edith? You know how I dislike being left alone."

Mrs. Bertram spoke fretfully, and looked as if she rather resented her daughter's going out at all.

"And you will think over what I have said to you about Dr. Ashby?

"You know, my dear, some one must make a sacrifice; I'm sure I'm willing to do anything, but what is there a helpless invalid can do?

"If you would only look at the matter from a reasonable point of view you would not hesitate.

"Just think of Blanche and Eva, what is to become of those poor darling children?"

Edith sighed deeply; she had been thinking of the children all the morning while teaching them their lessons and correcting their exercises, trying to coax Bee to practise, and Eva to get through her French verbs, thinking of what a comfort it would be if they could both be sent off to a good school, where they would be taught obedience; for though she had all the trouble, she had not the slightest control over them. It only seemed like playing at lessons to have Edith for a governess, while to her it was weary, wearing work, added to all her other anxieties and worries.

Everything seemed to fall on Edith's shoulders.

Mrs. Bertram was a fretful, rather selfish person, who suffered from nervous headaches, and on the strength of them took very little interest in the affairs of her small and straitened household, except to perpetually find fault, and grumble at the hard fate that had placed her in such circumstances.

She was a pretty woman, with soft fair hair and violet eyes, and useless little white hands; and though Edith Bertram felt it keenly when her father brought home a young wife to the Dingle, she did not wonder when she looked at the pretty clinging girl who looked little older than herself, and seemed so sweet, shy, and amiable.

Edith was fifteen, and her step-mother twenty-two, though she did not look nearly so old.

And just at first things went on smoothly enough at the Dingle.

Mrs. Bertram made no changes, and Edith was still housekeeper, and took care of her father as she had done for five years, ever since her own mother had died.

But after a few months the sweetness and shyness rubbed off, and Mrs. Bertram had exhibited a sharpness of temper and petulance of manner that was anything but pleasant.

The doctor, amiable and easy-tempered to a fault, gave in to her in everything.

First she had Edith's drawing-master sent away, as she thought it mere waste of time and money; then the music teacher was dismissed on the plea that, as Edith was not going to be a musical governess, it was absurd to keep on learning, as she played quite well enough already.

Then Mrs. Bertram began to find fault with Jack Clifford, the doctor's assistant, and made it so unpleasant for him that he declared one day that he could stand it no longer.

"I've made up my mind to go to the Cape, Edith, to make my fortune," he said; and she could only bid him good-bye, with tear-dimmed eyes and faltering voice.

She could not ask him to stay, for it did not seem like home at the Dingle, and all her authority was gone.

"But I'll come back, Edith," Jack added, holding both her hands.

"I'll return to you. Will you trust me, darling, and wait?"

"Yes, Jack, I will," she replied simply. And the next day he left with a formal farewell.

Only Edith knew what a disappointment it was to Jack, and how all his hopes were blighted and his plans altered.

The doctor had promised to make him his partner, and that one day he should succeed him, but for some inexplicable reason he had been cold and distant of late, and it seemed a positive relief when Jack was gone.

Six months after, the bank in which Dr. Bertram had deposited the savings of his whole life, and Edith's fortune inherited from her mother, failed suddenly; everything was lost, and the doctor never recovered the shock of it.

"If I only had Jack to stand by me, I might have borne it," he said sadly; "he would have been a son to me in my adversity;" but Jack had gone none knew whither, and Mrs. Bertram began to realize that she had done a foolish thing in driving him away, for the doctor grew every day more feeble, and at length was forced to sell his practice and house, and move into a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the village, where after a few months he died of a broken heart.

The money he had received for his practice and the Dingle, and an insurance on his life, was all he had to leave his wife and children, and invested in the most careful way it brought them in less than a hundred a year.

Poor Edith found it hard to make both ends of such a narrow income meet, and after a few months she found it absolutely necessary to do something to earn more money.

She could not go away as a governess, first because her step-mother had cut short her education at the most critical time, and besides she could not leave her little sisters.

But her music she had always kept up, and the village church happening to be in need of an organist, the vicar offered her the situation, which she gratefully accepted; and after a time she secured a few music pupils, and in that way helped out their narrow income.

But the hardest work of all was teaching and taking care of Blanche and Eva. They were pretty, wilful, spoiled children, indulged by their mother, and unaccustomed to any sort of control or discipline.

During the doctor's life-time they had a nursery governess, and Edith never imagined till she came to have sole charge of them how much poor Miss Lee must have suffered at their hands.

There was but one bright spot in the rather wearing monotonous life, the daily walk with the children.

For their health's sake and her own, she made a point of taking them out every fine day for a ramble through the woods and shady lanes.

Ashmead was in the centre of a beautiful country: not a railway in sight; no smoke from furnace or factory stained the clear pure air; nothing but rich corn-fields, fertile valleys, cool shady woods, and mossy lanes, with a merry little brook flashing like a gleam of summer lightning through the meadows.

It was a positive delight to saunter idly along in the glorious sunshine, and gather the wild-flowers that grew so luxuriantly at their feet, and weave ropes and chains and wreaths of blossoms.

It seemed like new life to get clear of the house, with its narrow confines and sordid cares; and of late there had come a new element of distress into poor Edith's existence.

For a whole year Dr. Seymour Ashby, her father's successor, had been a constant visitor at Eglantine Cottage.

It was amazing how many excuses he found for calling at first, and how soon he began to call without an excuse, and one day he proposed in due form to Mrs. Bertram for Edith, and she gave him every encouragement to try his fortune for himself.

"Of course you'll accept him, Edith," she said eagerly.

"It will be such a blessing to us all. Dr. Ashby is young, rich, clever, handsome. What more can you possibly want? And he really loves you most devotedly."

"But I don't love him," Edith replied.

"Then you ought to, and I'm sure you will in time; and besides, as I said before, some one of us must make a sacrifice for the children's sake.

"Do think it over before he talks to you, Edith."

"Yes, I'll think it over," was the somewhat weary reply, as Edith put on her hat and took up her basket, to join the children who were waiting impatiently outside.

But it was not of Dr. Ashby, but of Jack Clifford that she thought, as she sauntered through the fields—Jack who had left her six years before to make his fortune, and despite his promise had never returned.

Knee-deep apparently in the golden full-eared wheat, Edith and her sisters sauntered idly along. Eva first gathering the brightest of everything till her basket was full to overflowing—scarlet poppies, Marguerites, graceful clematis, rich leaves mellowing with the first early autumn tints, long trailing sprays of amber-veined ivy, and nodding golden grasses—all sorts of wayside and woodland treasures.

They were returning from Hazeldell Farm, where the children had rested for half an hour, and eaten home-made bread and butter, and drank milk with the yellow wrinkled cream on it, and helped themselves to the remains of the late amber gooseberries that bordered the garden path.

It was always a treat to go to Hazeldell Farm, but had Edith known that there were seven children ill in the next farmhouse she would have chosen some other direction.

She had tried to think Dr. Ashby's proposal over calmly, and it certainly seemed a safe and easy way out of all their difficulties.

He was rich and willing to undertake the children's education; he would make an addition to Mrs. Bertram's income, which would enable her to live in comfort at some watering-place (though Mrs. Bertram meant to make the Dingle her home;) everything he proposed was kind and thoughtful, and she was very grateful, but in her heart she felt she did not love Seymour Ashby, and, what was more than that, she never should love him.

Friendship, esteem, affection perhaps, she might in time be able to give him, but no second growth of love would ever spring up in her heart.

Edith's was an intense, patient, faithful nature, giving much and exacting little in return.

She was willing to wait, as she had promised Jack Clifford, to wait all her life if need be—but there were the children and her step-mother helpless and dependant on her.

Clearly some one would have to make a sacrifice, and with equal clearness Edith saw that it must be herself. So she resolved to accept Dr. Ashby's proposal, and tried to assure herself that she was acting for the best.

Presently she heard a step behind her on the narrow path, and looking round she saw the doctor approaching: a tall handsome man, dressed in a suit of tweed, with a glengarry cap pulled over his eyes: as different from his predecessor, Dr. Bertram, as a man could be, but with a dash and cleverness men of the old school never possessed.

"I have been trying to overtake you for ten minutes, Miss Edith," he said, falling just a step behind, for the path was too narrow for two.

"I have something of importance to say to you."

"Yes, doctor," she replied calmly, though her heart beat fast, and every trace of color left her face.

"You know what I would say, Edith—you must have seen during all these months how I love you.

"I want you to be my wife. Your mother has given me permission to address you, and given me some little reason to hope that you would listen to me.

"Tell me, Edith, can you or do you care a little about me?"

For a minute or two Edith was silent, then she told him all the truth, how they were situated, how she had liked Jack Clifford, but for six years had not heard anything of him, and how, if she consented to be his wife, he must be content with mere esteem and affection, for she had no love to bestow.

"You are honest, Edith, and truthful," he said, in a very low voice, "and I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me, but I must think this matter over.

"I love you far too well to risk your happiness in any way. Six years is a long time to be faithful to a silent lover, Edith."

"We were scarcely lovers, doctor," she replied, with a sad little smile.

"Jack just said, 'I'll come back, Edith: will you wait?' and I said I would—that was all. But poor papa was alive then, and we were rich: now everything is so different.

"For myself I am content as I am, but the children!"

"Ah, yes, the children—something must be done for them. They are far too much for you.

"Did you say that Jack Clifford went to the Cape, Edith, and that you never heard from him?"

"Yes, he said he was going to make his fortune in the diamond-fields, but he never wrote, so I dare say he was not successful, poor fellow. Indeed, I think he must be dead."

"I think not," Dr. Ashby replied thoughtfully.

"Once more, Edith, I thank you heartily for your candor and confidence, and I will come for your final answer at the end of a month. Till then, good-bye," and the doctor lifted his cap, and turned down a by-path that led to the Dingle, and poor Edith went home more perplexed than ever.

* * * * * * *

"It's a whole month since we've seen Dr. Ashby—whatever did you say to him, Edith?" Mrs. Bertram said one evening; "the house has seemed wretchedly dull without him.

"You did not surely refuse him point-blank?"

"No, I did not refuse him," Edith replied wearily; she had answered nearly the same question every day for four weeks, and was tired of it.

She was looking pale and worn, but Mrs. Bertram never had eyes for any one's illness but her own.

"Mamma," Eva cried, bursting into the room, "here's the doctor and another gentleman!" And Mrs. Bertram smoothed her dusty hair and put on her amiable smile, while Edith's heart began to beat fiercely.

She had thought the matter over from every point of view, and at length come to the conclusion that it would be positively wicked to marry the doctor while Jack Clifford was so much in her thoughts, and, come what might, she would not do it.

Presently he came in alone, and, after a few moments' conversation, he asked her to walk with him in the garden.

She went at once, longing to have the interview over, and burst into the subject directly.

"I cannot be your wife, Dr. Ashby; I think it would be wrong of me to accept your proposal, feeling as I do. Please try and forgive me, and let me go."

"First, let me introduce my friend," he said, laying his hand on her arm, "and my new assistant—the work of Ashmead is rather too much for me—Miss Bertram—Mr. Clifford."

"Jack!" In a moment she was in his arms, her face hidden on his shoulder, all the long years of absence and silence forgotten.

She only felt that he had returned, and she was still free. Later she learned how it all came about—how Dr. Ashby saw an advertisement in the paper, and guessed that "Jno. C." must mean Jack Clifford, lately returned from the Cape, and several old letters he discovered in one of the rooms of the Dingle convinced him that there was treachery at work somewhere.

So he just engaged Jack, and then told him all about the Bertrams, and how Edith was still faithful to him, though she never received one of his letters.

The result was a very quiet wedding in Ashmead Church, and on that day Dr. Ashby handed over the Dingle and his practice to his partner, and went to travel in South America, promising to return about the time Blanche was seventeen.

Both the children he placed at school, and Mrs. Bertram, feeling very much ashamed of the part she had played in intercepting Jack's letters, left Ashmead, and in a few years married a retired merchant at Brighton, and so never troubled her step-daughter further.

Jack Clifford is fast becoming the most popular doctor for miles round, and when Seymour Ashby returns, if he ever does, he will find the practice greatly extended.

Edith is perfectly happy in her old home, the Dingle, and never for a moment has regretted her perfect faith in Jack.

Sam's Safety-Lamp.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

LIMESTONE Junction is not a particularly inviting sort of spot on a November night when the north-easter is raving over the hills.

Limestone Junction forms a confluence of railway lines.

They lead to the great cities of the North in one direction; in another they form the highway to London; in a third they convey the traveler to lead-mines and coal-fields; in a fourth they take him to Spaville-in-the-Peak, whose waters cured Roman centurions of rheumatism, and to-day bubble up a medicinal miracle for the benefit of British generals who have left their livers in India.

I have been staying at Spaville-in-the-Peak. I went there on crutches: I have left those artificial limbs at the well as a testimonial to the efficacy of the waters.

To-night I am doing a vigorous sort of quarter-deck exercise up and down the platform of Limestone Junction, with the springy step of a young pedestrian in full training.

The train that brought me from Spaville-in-the-Peak has deposited its passengers, and has shunted into a shadowy siding where the engine-fire is burning Schaloken effects in the dark night.

"She's fifty-three late, sir," says a friendly porter, referring to the express that is to carry me to the South.

The north-east wind tears down the valley; snow is carried on its swift breath.

The small fire in the small waiting-room is monopolized by a miscellaneous company.

They are listening to the talk of a lead-miner, who looks as if he had been born and brought up in a flour-bin.

He is eloquent about "t'owd mon"—not the "Grand Old Man" of the House of Commons.

The "owd mon" referred to lived some odd thousand years or more ago, and left the speaker a legacy in the way of a lead-mining pick and shovel, which he is showing to the company.

Lead-miners in this North-Midland shire sometimes come across "t'owd mon."

The expression describes the Roman predecessor who delved for ore, and who left traces of his presence in the workings in the shape of tools and lamps.

When the modern workmen encounter these relics, they say they have met "t'owd mon."

While I am examining these curious old-world tools, the aforesaid friendly porter comes into the waiting-room.

He makes some inquiry concerning my luggage, which involves my returning to the platform.

The storm is still sweeping down the valley; the wind seems to blow directly from the heart of an iceberg.

"We've a better sort of fire in 'ere, sir, if you would not mind the place being a bit rough like," says the attentive official. The invitation applies to a room at the end of the station-buildings.

It is as warm as a stove, and seems fragrant with fustian, lamp-oil, and frizzled-bacon. It is the sanctum of the station staff. Railway regulations and notices diversify the white-washed walls. A kettle hisses on the fire in competition with the wind. Half a dozen men of the line are congregated round the fender. An engine-driver, so black and gritty that he might have been carved out of a carbonic pillar of coal, is drinking scalding tea out of a basin, and at one and the same time consuming cold slices of bread-and-something, and smoking strong Cavendish tobacco from a cutty-pipe—quite a Rembrandt pipe in the extraordinary blackness of its "coloring."

A goods guard is discussing with his mates the merits of the Railway Servants' Orphanage, while he is straining his eyes over the small print of a "working time-table," "for the use of the Company's servants only."

A bell rings, and the driver rises from his repast, and pulls on a great-coat, leav-

Our Young Folks.

THE BANK-NOTES.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"WHO hides, finds," says the proverb. Well, not always—not easily, at any rate, on some occasions.

Here is a curious illustration of that fact which really happened a short time ago to a foreman builder, while engaged in superintending the demolitions taking place at the Tuileries, once the palace of the kings of France.

Every week it appears this man, Pickard by name, received a rather large sum of money to pay certain expenses connected with his work.

On this occasion it was a sum of two hundred dollars in bank notes, one note being of the value of one hundred dollars, the remainder in five notes of twenty dollars each.

Suddenly called upon to attend to some unexpected business in quite another part of the town, our foreman, being a cautious man, and well aware that the street thieves of Paris have an eye on his kind, thought it best not only to leave this money at home, but to hide it from prying eyes in a safe ho'e, "to him be'ownst" in a corner of the wine-cellar.

He had used this spot as a private bank many a time, placing over it the most innocent-looking of casks, and about it the dirtiest handful of sawdust he could find.

Think of the honest Pickard's horror, when the next day, upon taking his pocket-book out of its dark nest, he instantly discovered that though all the loose coin he had left in it remained intact and undisturbed, the whole of the bank notes had vanished, and the big purse, which he now remembered was only unsnapped when he laid it there, was now gaping open before his unbelieving eyes.

Terrified half out of his senses, for such a loss meant ruin in more ways than one, poor Pickard ran up and down, seeking frantically in all sorts of unlikely places for what he well knew should be in that empty one under the tub.

It was no use calling for aid and assistance in the matter—who would believe in so strangely suspicious and improbable a story?

Once more he went down to seek, once more he came up with heavy lingering step, and eyes staring hopeless, when all at once his heart gave a big leap, and yet it was not much he saw, only one or two tiny scraps of paper, so small that at any other time he would not have noticed them at all.

But "circumstances alter cases," as the copy-books tell us, and they must be right.

It was a new game of hare-and-hounds.

In a very short time the boards forming the stairs were removed, and after a long and close search, for the robber had hidden the booty well, and only abandoned it when she discovered that the pursuer was within a foot or two of her home, and very uncomfortably near the soft white layer she had exerted all her tender ingenuity to form, "regardless of cost," or, at any rate, of trouble.

Yes, it was a little brown mother mouse, which had stolen, and gnawed, and kneaded, that precious two hundred dollars worth of soft flimsy paper, to make a nest for her babes, now squeaking anxiously for her presence.

Just a little saucy mouse, which had well-nigh driven that big stout workman to distraction.

Who would have thought it possible?

She watched from a corner, while he carefully collected every crumpled and gnawed scrap.

As notes, they were altogether unrecognizable.

But the experts of "La Banque de France" can do wonderful things, even, perhaps, to the making "ship-shape" notes again, out of what appears to be a handful of fluffy paper.

Mice certainly do make their nests in the most unlikely places at times.

The other day I found one in a big glove in the drawer of a desk, that is often being ope ed and shut, and another time one of the keys of the piano became suddenly dumb.

On searching it was found that all the fine green cloth had been nibbled into a soft bed for a number of tiny creatures, whom their mother evidently meant to bring up as musical mice.

It would have been a most uncomfortably noisy jarring place.

But I suppose they would have grown up not to mind.

These nests usually present the appearance of a rag ball, very loosely put together, and composed of odd bits of paper, rag, string, anything that comes handy, in fact, and in them flourish seven or eight mousikins, which seem as terribly afraid of the cold as by-and-by they will be of puss.

If You are Ruined

in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.

Two one-armed men applauded in a Stockholm theatre by slapping their remaining hands together.

THE AMBITIOUS TWIG.

BY PIPKIN.

MANY years ago, two little branches grew in a hedgerow.

They were brothers, but their tastes were different.

The younger one was lazy, and liked to stay in the shade.

But the elder one kept pushing steadily upwards, and making all the haste to grow that he could.

"Why can't you stay where you are?" said the younger one.

"You are well in the middle of the green."

"I want to get higher," sighed the elder twig.

"There is plenty to be seen outside."

And he kept growing taller and taller.

"You are going beyond us," cried his sister-twig.

And he listened to catch their voices.

"Conceited fellow!

"He is trying to grow the tallest!" said some of the twigs.

And a murmuring swept through the hedge.

One day more of pushing and striving, and he was nearly at the top of the hedge.

He could no longer see his brother, but he called to him down through the branches.

"Brother, where are you?" he cried, "and what do you see down there?"

"I am propped up in softness," said the fair younger brother.

"The green boughs are round me, the wind does not touch me—all round me is nothing but green.

"Just down below me grows a round white daisy.

"Oh, such a beautiful daisy!

"All the day long I am looking at her."

The first brother felt a little lonely when he heard all this, but the sun soon grew him upward.

The next day he was quite at the top of the hedge, and a head and shoulders taller than any of his brothers.

The voice of his younger brother came up to him, but it sounded faint and far away.

"Are you happy, brother? and what can you see up there?"

"I see the pretty sky," said the elder twig.

"There is blue all around me instead of green.

"I see trees that are taller than our hedge a great deal, and hills that are higher than all.

"I see white clouds like pillows, and birds that are lost in the clouds.

"Ah, I have longed for this!

"I feel a great joy and a rapture to the end of my smallest leaf!"

"We don't know what you mean," said the younger one.

"There can't be anything higher than this hedge.

"And why do you speak so softly? We cannot hear half that you say."

"Insolent fellow!

"He is taller than any of us!" cried some of the twigs.

But by this time he was too far off to hear their voices at all.

"I shall have a prize," said the twig to himself, "because I have grown so very tall.

"What will it be?

"I will ask the swallow.

"Swallow, shall I have a gold crown?"

"No, not a crown," said the swallow, "but something as good, I dare say.

"Far away down in the country I know of a twig like you.

"He grew far away from his fellows—so tall, and so strong, and so fair.

"He saw the world, and all that was passing.

"He stretched right over the stile, and shaded those who sat there.

"He was painted by an artist, because he was so lovely.

"And last of all a fair white rose came and rested on his bosom."

"I shall get my reward," said the little twig.

"My white rose will come at last."

Just then there came walking round the garden the gardener with his great long shears.

"The hedge is growing uneven," said he.

"Here's a twig much longer than the rest."

Clip, clip, clip, went the great big shears, and the tallest twig lay broken in the dust!

"They are all of one size now, I am glad to see," he said.

And he went away contented to his work.

BARON ROTHSCHILD gave his daughter, recently married, $300,000 to buy furniture with and $500,000 a month to keep house. During the ten days preceding the wedding the bride received over 1,100 letters from destitute young ladies asking alms, and there was not one but received an answer.

Ayer's Ague Cure is intended to act as an antidote to malarial fevers, and all diseases generated by marsh, swamp or slough. Science has brought this remedy nigh to perfection. No quinine, no arsenic, no injurious drug enters into its composition. Chemistry and the healing art have combined to make it the curative triumph of the age we live in.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

BY L. M. O.

SHE was a pretty, round-faced woman; and when I saw her she was feeding a large green parrot that hung in a gilded cage.

She made with her surroundings, a brighter picture than I ever saw painted.

"Poor Poll!

"Pretty Poll!" said she.

"Dearest Polly!

"Kiss me, Polly!

"Oh, Polly, you darling, don't I love you!"

Then she stopped, seeing me, and laughed.

"But I do," said she, "though you may think I'm a fool.

"And I've reasons to love Poll, though you mayn't see why anyone should love a parrot.

"If it hadn't been for that parrot I'd be mad or dead by this time.

"I've a good mind to tell you all about it, for there isn't a story in any book, as far as I know, that's more curious or more unlikely."

"I should like to hear it," said I.

"You shall," said she; "but I must begin long ago when Jack and I were first married.

"Well, Jack went to sea—he couldn't help it, poor fellow—three weeks after we were married.

"Many a tear did I shed for many a day afterwards, thinking of my darling being in such imminent peril every time the wind blew.

"However, the time went on, until, just as I was hoping for him back, the awful news came that the steamer was lost—the steamer my Jack sailed in lost!

"The news was true enough, and soon even I could not say I doubted it, and I was the most wretched woman that lived upon the earth.

"I used to go wandering about, knowing people would say I was crazy, but for all that with a strange sort of feeling that I should hear something yet.

"Haunting the places where sailors were to be found, and trying to discover whether any of them had ever met my Jack, or knew about him.

"I used to carry the one letter I had got from him in my bosom, and had read it until it was nearly worn out.

"It wasn't a long one—just this:—

"'Maggie, darling, there'll be a chance to send you this in half an hour, and there's little time to write.

"'I think of you day and night, and love you more than ever.

"'I've got a parrot, and I'm teaching it 'Peter Piper,' and it's a wonderful scholar.

"'It will be perfect by the time we come in.

"'Your true love for ever,

"'JACK.'

"I was wandering about a wharf where a vessel from these very foreign parts my Jack had sailed for had just come in, when something, right at my shoulder, called out all of a sudden—

"'Peter, Peter Piper.'

"I jumped, as if I had been shot, and turned my head.

"There, close behind me, stood a black man, dressed as sailors dress, holding a parrot in his hand.

"It was the parrot that had spoken.

"She spoke again—

"'Peter, Peter Piper,' says she.

"Then right out, as plain as I could speak it, the whole verse:—

"'Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper.
Where's the peck of pickled peppers
Peter Piper picked?'

"I gave a shriek.

"'Who taught that parrot those words?' says I.

"And the negro looked at me, and smiling, said—

"'Missus, I don't know.

"'Pears like they's foreign words; some language I an't never heard. I don't understand 'em.'

"'Where did you get that parrot?' I asked, solemnly.

"'Missus,' said he, 'I an't no wish to lie about it.

"'I'll tell you the truth.

"'That parrot flowed to me on ship-board out in the middle of the ocean, as we passed a little island that, as far as I know, hasn't any name.

"'It flowed to me, and said them words, and I's kep' it ever since.

"'I was a little afraid of it, too,' said he, 'for they said there was a ghost on that island, and I think I saw one, too.

"'Maybe the ghost taught it them words.'

"'The ghost!' said I.

"Oh, the ghost was my Jack—and you went and left him!'

"At first he didn't know what I meant, but I told him, and he understood why I thought what I did.

"He took me to the captain, and he—God bless him!—let me talk, and he offered to take me with them.

"I should work or be idle as I could, he said.

"I must promise to be quiet if I found nothing on the island, and to try and bear it if what I found was horrible.

"'That's what it must be, poor soul, if it's anything,' I heard him say to himself.

"I promised, but I made up my mind if what we found was Jack's body, I would never come home alive, for I'd jump over and drown myself.

"Oh, that voyage! I never shall forget it. So long, so slow it seemed.

"It was only a few weeks, but it might have been years.

"Every time that blessed parrot said 'Peter Piper' I felt comforted.

"At last there was the little island, and the boat was let down, and four sailors and an officer with me, and in fifteen minutes I stood upon the island, and the first thing I saw was that there were numbers of little shell-fish cast up, and the next that there were berries there, and a strange tree, heavy with fruit, and then we came to a little spring.

"'A man could live here,' said I. 'A man could live here.'

"And then—then—oh, I can't think of it yet!—there was something coming—something that looked like a skeleton—that crept because it could not walk.

"Its beard was long, its hair long, its eyes hollow.

"It was not like Jack; but, oh, I knew it was Jack!

"I knew it was, and I screamed out his name and rushed to him, and I had him in my arms, and then I fainted.

"They took us both to the ship, and it was days before the doctor knew whether Jack would live or die.

But he lived.

"His love had kept him alive before, and it kept him alive then.

"And there was no one on that ship that didn't seem glad when they knew I should take him home alive.

"As for Polly, the way that bird repeated 'Peter Piper' showed it knew everything.

"After that I made Jack leave following the sea.

"Indeed, he'd lost his liking for it, so black and dreadful about him for so long, and hearing its waves tell him, over and over, that he would never see home or me again.

"He settled down on shore, and we keep this little shop as you see—and Polly. Why, we love Polly better than anything we have except the children.

"Say 'Peter Piper' for the lady, Polly.

And Polly obeyed.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—Mixed with the humor and nonsense of the following selections are many shrewd and valuable hints to those young ladies whose minds are prone to thoughts of love.

First, catch your lover.

Hold him when you have him.

Don't let go of him to catch every new one that comes along.

Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life.

Unless you intend to support him, find out whether he earns enough to support you.

Don't make up your mind that he is an angel.

Don't palm yourself off on him as one, either.

Don't let him spend his salary on you; that right should be reserved until after marriage.

If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother, say so in time, that he may get rid of her to oblige you, or rid of you to oblige her, as he thinks best.

If your adorer happens to fancy a certain shade of hair, don't color or bleach to oblige him.

Remember your hair belongs to you, and he doesn't.

Be sure it is the man you are in love with and not the clothes he wears.

Fortune and fashion are both so fickle, it is foolish to take a stylish suit of clothes for better or worse.

If you intend to keep three servants after marriage, settle the matter beforehand.

The man who is making love to you may expect you to do your own washing.

Don't try to hurry up a proposal by carrying on a flirtation with some other fellow.

Different men are made of different material, and the one you want may go off in a fit of jealousy and forget to come back.

If you have a love-letter to write, don't copy it out of a "letter-writer."

If your young man ever happened to consult the same book, he would know your sentiments were borrowed.

Don't marry any man to oblige any third person in existence.

It is your right to suit yourself in the matter.

But remember at the same time that love is blind, and a little friendly advice from one whose advice is worth having may insure you a life-time of happiness or prevent one of misery.

In love affairs always keep your eyes wide open, so that when the right man comes along you may see him.

When you do see him you will recognize him, and the recognition will be mutual.

If you have no fault to find with him personally, morally, politically, religiously, or any other way, he is probably perfect enough to suit you, and you can afford to believe him, hope in him, love him, marry him.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

WAITING FOR A LETTER.

BY C. A. C.

The postman's hour draws near,
And into the quiet street
Through gossamer curtains peer
Two wistful eyes and sweet.
For many a weary morn
She has kept her station there,
That brave little heart forlorn,
That never will quite despair,
Slowly she turns away,
The crushed heart murmuring still,
"It has not come to-day—
To-morrow I know it will."

The postman knows her tale,
And it makes his old heart bleed;
Those blush-rose cheeks grown pale
Are pages a child might read.
Ah! letters enough he brings—
Great circulars blue and grim,
Slight feminine scented things—
But never a line from him.
Slow she turns away,
The crushed heart murmuring still,
"It has not come to-day
To-morrow I know it will!

Rat-tat! to the door she flies—
O, rapture keen and dumb!
O, eloquent cheeks and eyes!
Her letter has come—has come!
O, postman pocket the gold—
Full well thou hast earned the fee—
And treasure the thanks untold,
That are better than gold to thee!
Flow, happy fountain flow,
Sweet fonts that have long been dry!
Sorrow may tears forego,
But rapture must weep or die.

PROTECTIVE MIMICRY.

BY protective mimicry is meant the capability with which the weaker animals are endowed of protecting themselves from their enemies by imitating in their form and coloring either their more offensive brethren, or nature itself.

This mimicry is not confined only to animals, but is found in plants also.

Of these two groups, the first, although the most interesting, affords fewer striking examples; there are, however, one or two clearly defined cases.

Bates mentions that in South America there are two kinds of butterflies—one with a nasty smell and irritating taste, the other plump, juicy, and a delicate morsel for any fortunate bird.

There would be a slight chance indeed of the edible species surviving, if nature had not endowed it with almost the exact coloring and habits of the indigestible kind; consequently birds, rather than incur the risk of catching the one, prefer to leave both alone.

A traveller in Assam has recently recorded a remarkable instance of this class of animal mimicry.

When passing through a forest he saw on a creeper what he mistook for a shrew. It proved, however, to be a caterpillar, which is wont, when disturbed suddenly, to throw up its head, thus crudely imitating the shrew.

The second group, however, affords far more numerous and striking examples—that is, animals imitate nature for protection more often than they imitate each other.

Man himself has recourse to this device for protection.

A traveller relates how in his wanderings he once noticed, as he thought, several dead tree-trunks with their withered branches standing up stiff and stark against the sky, but now, on bringing his telescope to bear upon them, he discovered that they were a party of Indians holding up in their hands dry branches of trees, and remaining perfectly motionless, hoping thus to escape detection.

He was told that this was a device frequently adopted by the weaker and ill-armed tribes to escape their foes.

The chameleon affords us, perhaps, the best example of the case in point. By the kindness of a friend at different times, I have had two of them sent me to watch their habits.

I bought for them an oleander shrub, the leaf of which is of a dark glossy color above but of a pale whitish-green beneath. The chameleon invariably changed its color according to the side of the leaf on which it was, and so completely did it adapt itself to the shade of the leaf, that sometimes it was necessary to look through the plant leaf by leaf before being able to discover it. Similarly, when placed upon a dark brown hinge; and probably this change of coloring not only helps towards its own protection, but also enables it to catch the insects on which it feeds, which, without this, it would have small chance of capturing, on account of the sluggishness of its movements.

The Arctic fox, hare, and ermine all change the color of their fur at the approach of winter, so that by donning a white coat they may not appear too conspicuous in the snow.

Who has not noticed the little chalk-hill blue butterfly flitting about the downs in the sunshine?

This butterfly rests invariably, I believe, on the stems of plants, with its head downwards, in order that by the upward curving of its wings it may resemble the sheaths of the leaves.

Any of my readers who are interested in moth-hunting will have often been deceived, while searching in ivy, by the stick caterpillars, which imitate so truly the looped stalks of a dried ivy-leaf that the eye cannot distinguish them, and the touch alone discovers them.

We find the most numerous instances of this mimicry amongst insects, especially butterflies, as they are most defenceless, and have probably the greatest number of enemies.

Every one must have noticed that the under-sides of the wings of butterflies are, as a rule, much more soberly colored than the upper.

Now, as butterflies generally sit with their wings in a vertical position, the under-side alone being seen, they more easily escape observation.

Another naturalist points out the peculiar resemblance that flying foxes have to the brown bunches of cocoa-nuts when hanging suspended head downwards from the leaf-stalks of the cocoa-nut palm. He states also that another kind of bat has an extremely bright orange and brown coat, which would easily lead to its detection if it were not for the fact that it lives on an evergreen, the leaves of which assume an orange and brown tint in their various stages of decay.

Grains of Gold.

He who gives you fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.

A wise man is like a spring lock, always more ready to shut than open.

To what atrocities cannot that mind reach which is impelled by selfish avarice?

Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls as a ruined edifice before the single word—Faith.

Take your place modestly at life's banquet, and ask for nothing not in the bill of fare.

He who despises praise will not be likely to practice the virtue that would entitle him to it.

Gold that buys health can never be ill-spent, nor hours laid out in harmless merriment.

The passion of acquiring riches in order to support a vain expense corrupts the purest souls.

He is truly great that is little in himself, and that maketh no account of any height of honors.

The misery of idleness is nearly as manifest in high life as in rags and filth in extreme poverty.

Don't judge a man by his speech, for a parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

A false friend is like the shadow on the sun-dial—appearing in sunshine, and vanishing in shade.

Heaven ever renders her dews to earth, but earth seldom, or never, renders her dues to Heaven.

A silent home is a very dull place for young people—a place from which they will escape if they can.

Nothing is more important than to understand the subject about which you propose to instruct others.

Wisdom consists not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.

To know exactly how much mischief may be ventured upon with impunity is knowledge enough for a little great man.

Men are sometimes accused of pride because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their place.

All men who do anything, must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw up.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.

The man of enlightened understanding and persevering ardor has many sources of enjoyment which the ignorant man cannot reach.

A beautiful person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face.

The best thing to give your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

The large majority of people, and especially the young men, need the continued encouragement of human sympathy, expressed in terms of pleasure and satisfaction, in order to keep their energies alive and to stimulate them to renewed efforts.

Femininities.

French Canadian women work in the New Hampshire harvest fields at $1 a day.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman, nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

The graduating expenses of the last class at the Vassar College were about four hundred dollars for each girl.

A timid woman, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

Nine young women of Huntsville, Ala., beat nine young men at base ball by a score of 20 to 13. Such is Alabama gallantry.

The empire of woman is the empire of softness, of address, of complacency. Her commands are caresses, her menaces tears.

Ruskin says that a couple should court seven years before getting married. Mr. Ruskin evidently never loved a $100,000 girl.

A farmer sues for a divorce on the ground that his wife can't chop the amount of wood that she boasted about previous to marriage.

The favorite perfume of the Empress Josephine was musk. People who blame Napoleon for divorcing, should stop to consider this.

Rufus Choate once said to one of his daughters at the opera: "Interpret to me this libretto, lest I dilate with the wrong emotion."

It was a Chicago young lady who, when she was presented with a pair of opera-glasses, asked how in the world she was to keep them on.

A woman said, in a police-court, the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

Little modified poke hats of white coarse straw look very pretty when trimmed with white mull, long ends of the same crossing in the back and tying loosely under the chin.

They thought they heard burglars in the house last week, and in going down stairs to investigate Bibbs said to his wife: "You go first; it's a mean man that would shoot a woman."

Hair-dressing is becoming more elaborate. No longer are the meagre coils in the nape of the neck popular, but plaits, winding round and round, and loose twists, coiled high up, are to be seen.

An English lady who had been in the far East told a French lady that Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. She replied, "French girls are not. They don't require teaching."

A mad princess of the House of Bourbon, on being asked why the reigns of queens were in general more prosperous than the reigns of kings, replied: "Because, under kings, women govern—under queens, men."

A French aphorism says: "Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points."

Dresses made entirely of lace are draped with pompon bows, over orange, pink, straw and cream color. The bodices are generally of velvet the same color as the silk underneath the lace, and are opened in front and cut square in the back, but not low.

Mitts are not fashionable for full dress, and why this should be so is unexplainable. They are so becoming—more so to a pretty hand—and comfortable. However, some young ladies do wear them, and tie them to the wrist and arm by narrow velvet ribbon.

"Why is the straw before the house? I hope Madame is not ill?" "No, no, monsieur; only in bed the last three days." "Indeed! and not ill, you say?" "The doctor, monsieur, she has lost two of her favorite carriage horses, and cannot bear to hear the sound of wheels."

Four or five pins in animal designs are worn at the same time. They are generally of silver, and come very reasonably. One of the newest designs represents a half-open clam, with a ribbon coming out of its mouth, on which is written, "What are the wild waves saying?"

The ladies of New Orleans are accomplishing a useful and public-spirited act in beautifying a public square. They spent $500 in curbing the square, and have made arrangements for laying out walks, grass plats and flower beds, for planting trees and adding the fountain and benches.

He'd been waltzing with his host's ugly elder daughter, and was in a corner repairing damages. Her mother espied her in this wounded-papa state. "Where is the flower of my family, sir," said the latter. "Don't speak," answered the young man. "Pity she comes off so, ain't it?" he continued, as he essayed another vigorous rub at the white spots on his coat-sleeve.

Providence has a faith cure. Mrs. Fanny Hale has been an apparent trouble to walk for seven years. The [illegible] began to pray with her, and a minister and his wife anointed her head with oil [illegible] she was led out to breakfast and ate a hearty meal. She was supposed to be suffering from a spinal disease, but there is no more doubt on that point than of [illegible] now well.

A young Baltimore wife has got into sad trouble by signing a paper without reading it. Hundreds of wives and widows have done that and been sorry for it. [illegible] has signed away her right of dower to property worth $10,000 without knowing it. Her son told her it was not necessary for her to read the paper. It is a good plan never to put your name to anything without first knowing what it is.

A Reason for It.—"Have you anything to say against the better character of the witness?" asked a Texas judge of a man accused of horse-stealing. "All I've got to say is that the witness has a grudge and prejudice against me, and is determined to ruin me. I introduced him to his present wife and advised him to marry her, and now he is praying for every." "Perhaps he has cause," remarked the judge, gravely.

News Notes.

Key West turned out 75,000,000 cigars last year.

The gold value of a Bland dollar is now 87½ cents.

The latest thing in evening dress—A night dress.

Two Piegan chiefs are named Toothache and Womanshoes.

Cholera victims in Egypt often die in two hours after the first attack.

New York is said to be numerically the greatest Catholic city in the world.

A San Francisco minister sued a young man for his marriage fee, $5, and got it.

A mummy recently found wears a Bernhardt glove. Such are the cycles of styles.

Young ladies at Cape May carry small, ornamental whips to keep their pet dogs in order.

Pope Leo XIII. has sent a painting from the Vatican as a gift to the Detroit Art Association.

It is said that 2,450 watches are manufactured in this country every working day in the year.

Nearly all the fish eaten in America as sardines are from Maine. They are nothing but small herring.

The eating of part of a colored wrapper from a bar of soap caused the death of a little girl of West Liberty, Ky.

A man failed in trying to commit suicide at Mansfield, and the next day a railroad train ran over him accidentally.

Texas has a well whose buckets defy the law of gravitation. They descend empty, and ascend with no visible cause.

Man milliners are on the increase in Europe. They are employed in all the fashionable millinery establishments in Paris and London.

The custom of adorning the menu at a dinner with the photographs of the host or hero of the feast, is said to be growing in popularity.

While running the bases during a game of ball, John Morris, of Scottdale, this State, fell, and lost his thumb by striking his hand on a piece of tin.

Three hundred and four suits for divorce were brought in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, last year, seventy-one of them on the ground of infidelity.

"Massage"—the "kneading" or manipulating cure—is now done by machinery fixed up with rubber hands, in a doctor's office in New York city.

A Kalamazoo, Mich., mule struck quicksand in a cellar, and sank out of sight before the workmen could prevent it. He was pulled out all right.

A letter addressed to "Widow Smith, Richford, Vt.," threw the postmaster into a panic, there being eleven widows of that name in Richford.

B. F. Johnson, living in Temple, Arizona, who is 81 years old, is the father of forty-two children—twenty boys and twenty-two girls. Thirty-seven of them are living.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, Chas. Dawson, M. P., is a baker, and of his numerous wagons that are to be seen daily on the streets, one serves the Mansion House regularly.

A bolt of lightning struck the ground near East Thompson, Mass., in front of a pair of horses. One was killed, and the other, a bay, is now coal black and much faster.

While Bertie Morris, of Atlanta, Ga., was running a sewing-machine at good speed the driving-rod snapped, and a piece penetrated her leg, inflicting a frightful wound.

A justice's court in Seneca county, N. Y., has decided that a barbed-wire fence is insufficient, illegal and dangerous, and therefore a private nuisance, which any person aggrieved has a right to abate.

"Horses are growing smaller," is the startling announcement in a Paris fashion journal. It means, probably, from its appearances in the Bois de Boulogne, that ponies are becoming more the fashion.

Twenty-seven persons, in a Chicago boarding house, recently ate of ice-cream, watermelon, green peas and roast veal, and the resulting twenty-seven stomachaches caused a report that cholera had appeared in that city.

The whistle of a locomotive is heard 8,800 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket 1,000 feet, [illegible] a dog 1,800 yards, the [illegible] the croaking of a frog 100 yards, and a cricket a chirp 40 yards.

Nearly every engineer on the New York and New England Railroad has a sweetheart or wife in New Britain, Conn. Every time a whistle is sounded some fair damsel and the baby grow so fearfully expecting that the authorities have had it stopped.

An old colored man in Cincinnati has made himself rich in a curious way. When never a man bought a hoodooed [illegible] darkey would buy a strip of [illegible] and next day and begin to build a cabin. The rich man would buy the darkey's land [illegible] prices.

"What I, poor mother do?" were the only words [illegible] a lunatic recently after being mortally wounded by a railroad train. A passer-by had offered to sell a dollar for a certain paper, and he was trying hastily get it at a station where the accident occurred.

SURE, PROMPT, THOROUGH—may be safely said to be the characteristics of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant Balsam. Its merit has made it known everywhere for years as a standard curative for Coughs, Diseases of the Throat, Lungs, and all Diseases of the Chest. It is a pleasant remedy, administered [illegible] being pleasant to the taste, and is entirely safe.

Within An Inch.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

DURING the earlier years of my medico-military career, I was selected as the assistant-surgeon of the Army Lunatic Asylum then established in one of the eastern counties.

At the time of the appointment, I was given to understand that it was one which paid a high compliment to my professional abilities, and was bestowed as a reward for good services done; but as I did not see it quite in the same light, I went and interviewed the chief who had thought so much more of me than I did of myself.

"Sir," said I, "Some men are born to honors, others have honors thrust upon them; the latter is my case.

"I don't understand one bit about the treatment moral or medical of the insane. I never saw but one madman in my life, and he, I verily believe, was more knave than fool; and I can't help thinking that if you send me to the Asylum, you want a round man to fit into the square hole."

"That's not of the slightest consequence," answered he whom I was addressing, in the richest of brogues; "not the layste in loife. Round or square, the hole will suit ye to a t; and if so be that ye don't know anything conserning lunatics, whoy, the sooner ye larn the bether.

"Ye'll be plazed to jine widout dely. Good-morning." So he bowed me out; and I, having a wholesome dread of the powers that were, "joined" forthwith.

It is one of Shakspeare's wise sayings, that "Use doth breed a habit in a man."

Before there had passed away many weeks of my sojourn with the demented officers and men, I found myself bigotly interested with their pretty and well-cared for home, running pleasantly in the groove I had so much objected to, and getting rid for ever and a day of that repugnance which every outsider naturally enough entertains when brought into contact with the denizens of a madhouse.

With a pass-key which was an open sesame to every lock in the establishment, I was accustomed to wander over it unattended either by the "keeper" or the orderlies, and never was I molested or spoken to threateningly save once, and that upon an occasion I have elected to name "Within an Inch of my Life."

In the afternoons, when the patients were not indoors, it was my practice to go through every part of the building, inspecting it sanitarily.

I was doing so as usual upon a certain winter's day, when, at a curve of a corridor, I came suddenly upon a patient leaning gloomily against one of the pillars.

He was a private soldier of the 45th or Sherwood Foresters—a recent admission, and whose phase of insanity was somewhat puzzling the head-surgeon and myself.

Without entering upon details, I shall merely say that we had doubts about his case, and had recommended his removal from the Asylum to the care of his friends. Meantime, however, he was to be closely watched, and no garden-tools or other implements put into his hands.

How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the orderly under whose surveillance he had been placed, and to be where I met him, was one of the things I never understood. But so it was.

When he saw me, his melancholic demeanor ceased; he advanced with rapid strides towards me, and I saw at a glance that he meant mischief of some sort or other; for every muscle of his body was trembling with passion, and on every feature of his face was pictured that of a demon. I was fearless for myself, however.

What was I to do? But to show weakness would be fatal, so I faced him boldly, and exclaimed:

"Hollo, Mathews! what are you doing here? Why are you not in the airing-grounds with the others?"

He turned a wild and flashing eye upon me, and glared like a wild beast.

Then he howled out, rather than said: "Let me out of this!"

"What do you mean?" I replied, resolving if possible to gain time, and trusting that presently an orderly might pass, and relieve me from the terrible dilemma in which I stood.

"Let me out!" he repeated.

"I have been too long in this vile place. I want to rejoin my regiment; to see my poor old mother, and Mary, my sweetheart. Why am I here? I am not mad like the others. God knows that; so do you. But if I am kept much longer, I shall be starking mad. Let me out, I say!"

He was now boiling over with frenzy. Still I kept my ground.

"Mathews," I said, "I know that you are not mad; so listen a moment. How can I let you out? I am not the head-doctor. I can't act without his orders. Your removal has been recommended by him. I'll go and consult him now."

"No; you won't indeed."

Well, I can't release you.

"It would be as much as my commission is worth to connive at your escape. I should be tried by court-martial, and cashiered, if not worse. That you must be aware of."

"That's no matter to me. I'll make you! See this!"

He opened the loose gray pea-jacket he wore, and, to my horror, took from within it a round paving-stone of some pounds in weight' such as the courtyard of the building was paved with. How he had managed to obtain and to secrete it, was another mystery.

A cold perspiration broke out upon me. My life seemed to be hanging by the slenderest of threads.

I had no means of defence; the rules prevented my taking in the interior of the Asylum even a walking-stick; and man to man, the maniac was taller and stronger than I.

The soldier raised the stone in his uplifted hands, and held it over my head, which was protected only by my regulation forage-cap.

I expected every instant that I should be crushed beneath it; still the man seemed irresolute to strike.

Then, while, Damocles-like, the missile hung above me, a sudden idea flashed across my mind: "What if I try to dodge him?"

"Put down that stone!" I cried out.

"Let me out, then!" he answered.

"Put down that stone, and I will. But first declare that you will tell no one who did it or how it was done."

"Doctor, I swear! And then to my inexplicable relief, he lowered his raised hands.

I looked round once again, really to spy if any official was in sight; but in such a sly covert way as to make Mathews believe that I feared an eavesdropper.

"You know the locality outside the barracks?"

"Yes.

"I was stationed here some years ago with my regiment."

"Well, this door" (pointing to one which close to us) "leads down a very short passage to another exit opening on to the Downs."

He was now all ears—every nerve strained to hear what I had to tell him.

"Here, take this key." I put into his stretched-out hand one that I happened to have in my pocket; I forget to what belonged, but I knew that it would fit no lock inside the Asylum.

He grasped it eagerly, and at the same time kicked the paving-stone on the floor.

"What then, sir?" he asked in less excited tones.

"Thus.

"With my pass-key I shall let you into the passage. Grope your way for a yard or two down: feel for the lock of the outer door; open it with this key, and—escape."

"You will tell no one that I am gone—take no steps to have me caught? Remember this, if I am brought back, I'll murder you!"

"Mathews! if you escape by the method I have pointed out, no one shall know it."

"You are the soldier's friend!" he replied. "Let me shake hands with you, sir.

I did not feel happy when I found my palm wrung within his; but I quickly opened the door alluded to; and without the least shadow of suspicion, he entered immediately.

Once he was fairly in, I pulled it to with a bang which shook the very walls. He was inclosed in a bath-room.

The strain of the excitement over, reaction came on. I felt sick and faint, and knew no more until I saw one of the officials and my servant stooping over me.

The former, going his rounds, had found me lying on the floor; and as soon as I came to my senses, I told them what had happened; and steps were taken to have Mathews so watched that in future paving-stones would never again be in his possession. I took care also never again to perambulate the Asylum without my escort.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.—Every child should be repeatedly told that in escaping from a burning house it better to go on all-fours than upright, however great the haste, as the cold air falls to the floor, and one can breathe there when it is impossible elsewhere; and that, when one must pass by flames, the mouth and nose should be protected from their inhalation by wet bandages, or by a thick woolen muffler that sifts at least a portion of the smoke and fire. Should not every girl, also, who is ever likely to bear any weight of responsibility, be forced into acquaintance with certain items in the management of diet, of advantage not only to herself, but to whomsoever may come into her hands and under her care? She will remember then that if one falls ill in a dark room, one cannot get well in it, but must be moved to a room where the sunlight enters with healing on its wings; that it is well, moreover, to have a few green plants in a room, giving out oxygen and inhaling carbonic acid, but that many will produce a sort of malaria; that a room may be ventilated by pulling up the window-sash and filling all the open space with box or board, letting air in without draught through the line between the two sashes; that a fire will always ventilate by its own draught, but that, in case of infectious illness, one must not stand between the patient and that fire. She may also be taught a few medical facts or surgical facts, that a strong magnet will draw out a broken needle from the flesh it has penetrated, and distinguish between a sudden attack of apoplexy and drunkenness by tickling the soles of the feet, which in apoplexy causes a spasmodic drawing up of the whole limb, and in drunkenness causes no effect at all.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Well, let him go, and let him stay,
I do not mean to-d
I guess he'll find that I can live
Without him if I try.
He thought to frighten me with frowns,
So terrible and black:
He'll stay away a thousand years
Before I ask him back!

He said that I had acted wrong,
And [illegible]
I will confess the matter that
I was about [illegible]
It was wi[illegible] in the right
[illegible]
I know I'm not an angel quite—
I don't pretend to be.

[illegible]
And that she [illegible]
It is enough to vex a saint
It's more than I can bear
I wish that other girl of his
Was—well, I don't care where.

He thinks that she was pretty, too—
Was beautiful as good—
I wonder if she'd get him back
Again, now, if she could?
I know she would, and there she is—
She lives almost in sight—
And now it's almost 9 o'clock,
Perhaps he's there to-night.

I'd almost write to him to come—
[illegible] I've said I won't
I do not care so much, for [illegible]
Shan't have him if I don't.
Besides, I know that I was wrong,
And he was in the right;
I guess I'll tell him so, and then—
I wish he'd come to-night.

S. T. OLIN.

Humorous.

A hard case—The oyster.

A bright beginning—Sunrise.

Pleasantries—Maples and elms.

The key note—"Wife, let me in."

Burnt offerings—Restaurant beefsteaks

The character of the sun even is not spotless.

A revival meeting—A camphor bottle and a fainting woman's nose.

A pretty face is often a fortune, especially if it is the face of a large check.

A postscript may be defined as a line to hang the close on.

When must a man die in order to recover? When his life is insured

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple and [illegible]
Book of Directions and Case of Specifics sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

$200 A YEAR
CAN BE SAVED
In the Living Expenses of the Family
by the use of REX MAGNUS, The Hamiston Food Preservative. It preserves Meat, Fish, Milk, Cream, Eggs, and all kinds of Animal Food fresh and sweet for weeks, even in the hottest weather. This can be [illegible] who have [illegible] or 50 cents will [illegible] article which will save you a great deal of money.
NO SOURED MILK.
NO SPOILED MEAT.
NO STALE EGGS.
It will keep them fresh and sweet for many days, and does not impart the slightest foreign taste to the articles treated. It is so simple in operation that a child can follow the directions. *It is as harmless as* [illegible] to a pound of meat, fish, butter or cheese, or to a quart of milk. This is no humbug; it is endorsed by such men as Prof. Samuel W. Johnson, of Yale College. Sold by druggists and grocers. Sample pounds sent pre-paid by mail or express (as we prefer) on receipt of price. Name your express office. Viandine brand for meat, Ocean Wave for fish and sea [illegible] for Milk, Butter and Cheese, [illegible] and Anti-Mold, 50c. per lb. [illegible] Quart Canisters, and Aqua-Vivo for fluid extracts, $1. per lb. each.
THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVING CO.,
73 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

AYER'S
Ague Cure
IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

RUPTURE
Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict, by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S system.
Those who value humanity from strangulated rupture and the comforts of physical soundness, should [illegible] of his treatment [illegible] the being, containing testimonials of [illegible] and officers, &c., &c., evidence of his [illegible] from distinguished physicians, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

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[illegible]
Splendid (50) Latest Style Chromos, name on 10c. Premium with 3 packs. E. H. Pardee, New Haven Ct.

PENN MUTUAL LIFE INS CO PHILA
Assets, $8,150,807.74. Organized in 1847. Purely Mutual. Surplus, $1,800,402.80.
Thirty-five years' Successful Business.
All approved forms of Life [illegible] non-forfeitable for "reserve" value, and incontestable after three years, except for fraud.

TO CONQUER THAT
BLUE DEVIL
DISEASE
Use the Only Homeopathic Remedy
Engelman's
Thirty Powders, TEN DAYS TREATMENT. PRICE, - $1.00.
[illegible] permanent cure MAJOR [illegible] ANTHONY, Gen. Sup't Lehigh Valley Coal Co., Harrisburg, Pa.
[illegible] ACKHOUSE, [illegible] R.R. [illegible]
Mailed to any Address on Receipt of Price
DYSPEPSIA
The [illegible] the way [illegible] want of [illegible] to sleep, and no more confused, but pleasant, dreams. A. H. STONER, [illegible] Pa.
Your Powders have cured me, after trying many other remedies. ROBERT D. MILLER, [illegible] Pa.
RETAIL [illegible] SUPPLIED BY JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch St., Philadelphia.
POWDERS.
The Yokohama [illegible] & Co. [illegible]
Drug Stores [illegible] Powders [illegible] wonderful [illegible]. P. J. O'NEILL.
TEMPLE OF PHARMACY,
No. 830 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia
Orders by mail. Address
FRANK E. ENGELMAN, 1839 Seybert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Manteno, Ill., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

N. C. H.

Echo, Tenn., July 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and is good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

S. A. B.

Pleasant Grove, Utah, July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

O. P. D.

New Castle, Ala., July 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

Y. E. M.

Middleway, W. Va., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

A. C. H.

Kingsclear, Canada, July 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

G. A. H.

Conyers, Ga., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

W. J. L.

Mason, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

H. A. A.

Morning Sun, O., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

J. A. K.

Ford River, Mich., July 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. G. D.

Anna, Ill., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

M. E.

Elizabeth, N. J., July 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think is very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. J. M. P.

Saybrook, Ill., July 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

E. E. C.

Cambellsport, Wis., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

L. H.

Williamston, N. C., July 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

L. L. P.

Lewisburg, Neb., July 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

R. H. J.

West Lafayette, O., July 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

H. S. S.

Stevenson, Ala., July 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

F. G. C.

Facetiæ.

Why are babies like new flannel? Because they shrink from washing.

A Yale student swallowed his diamond pin, and is 99 cents out of pocket thereby.

It is better to hit the nail on the head twice than it is to hit the nail on the finger once.

A lawyer works at his profession from the very start. He begins by prosecuting his studies.

The great number of divorces indicate that people put altogether too much brimstone in their matches.

It's a great pity that the burglar's "jimmy" should so often be an overmatch for the policeman's "billy."

When a notorious punster committed suicide by hanging himself, one of his friends remarked that he had perpetrated his last choke.

A man having fallen from his berth in a sleeping-car, hurt his knee rather badly, and at once claimed that he was lame from his berth.

Two or three weeks' vacation spent at a farm-house is a great thing for an overworked business man. It so reconciles him to his life in the city.

Have you used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as a cure for Heart Disease? Price $1. Sold by druggists.

A comic paper, in speaking of a rival, said its last issue contained an entirely new thing—such a thing as had never been seen in its columns before—viz., a joke.

Don't die without an effort. Heart disease cured by Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Sold by druggists.

A Leadville minister got mad at a funeral where he was to officiate, because the master of ceremonies notified him to begin by remarking, "Now pard, it's your play."

ENTERPRISING local Agents wanted in this town for an article that is sure to sell, live druggists and grocers preferred. Address Humiston Food Preservative Co., 72 Kilby Street, Boston.

Mr. Bergh, the S. P. C. A. man, says it is cruelty to animals to catch fish with a hook. There wouldn't be much fun in fishing if a man had to dive under the water and hold chloroform to a fish's nose until it became unconscious, and then hit it on the head with a hammer.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in his lecture at Mount Union College, March, 1878, said: "The Museum here is the best I have ever visited anywhere." The College is located near Alliance, the junction of Cleveland & Wheeling and Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroads. Students last year, 512; last 17 years, 17,-033, from 44 States and Territories, one-fourth ladies, and 2,243 teachers. Tuition but a trifle in any department,—ancient or modern, classic, scientific, normal, commercial, music, preparatory. Cost of board and room in families, $3 per week; club or self board and room, $1.50 to $2.15. The Terms begin: Fall, Aug. 28; Winter, Dec. 4; Spring, March 4; Summer, June 3. For new catalogue, address O. N. Hartshorne, L. L. D., Pres. Faculty, Mt. Union or Alliance, Ohio; or Hon. Lewis Miller, Pres. Trustees, Akron, Ohio.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

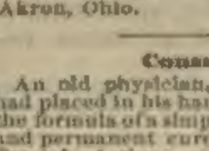
Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 120 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $5.00. Circulars free. Harbach Organina Co., Philada., Pa.

AGENTS WANTED



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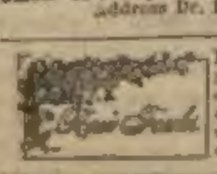
When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.



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$65 A MONTH & board for 3 live Young Men or Ladies, in each county. Address, P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENT MEDICINES—Send for Prices. William T. TOTTEN, 672 N. Tenth St, Phila., Pa.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P. M., Riggsburg Ct.

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Strong, Pure and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

—ALSO—

Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS

in from one to 20 minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

Radway's Ready Relief is a Cure for every Pain, Sprains, Bruises, Pains in the Back, Chest or Limbs.

It was the first,

AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

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CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS,

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Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

HEADACHES

Are generally induced by Indigestion, Foul Stomach, Costiveness, Deficient Circulation, or some Derangement of the Liver and Digestive System. Sufferers will find relief by the use of

Ayer's Pills

to stimulate the stomach and produce a regular daily movement of the bowels. By their action on these organs, AYER'S PILLS divert the blood from the brain, and relieve and cure all forms of **Congestive** and **Nervous Headache, Bilious Headache,** and **Sick Headache;** and by keeping the bowels free, and preserving the system in a healthful condition, they insure immunity from future attacks. Try

Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

30 DAYS' TRIAL

BEFORE — AND — AFTER

Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD,

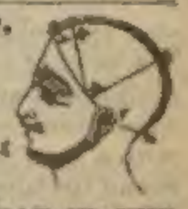
WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration of HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

R. DOLLARD,

513 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artist IN HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BALD TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Fresh Meat all the Year!

Eggs kept fresh all the Year. Butter kept sweet all the year. Rancid Butter restored to its original sweetness, at the cost of one dollar per year.

NO ICE! NO ICE-BOX! NO SALT!

Nothing deleterious to health, and so simple that a child of eight can do it. For particulars and testimonials send to

GEO. HOLCATE & CO.,

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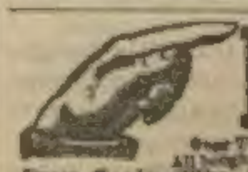
John Wanamaker's STORE

Everything in Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel and Housekeeping Appointments sent by mail, express or freight, according to circumstances—subject to return and refund of money if not satisfactory. Catalogue, with details, mailed on application.

JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA.

We have the largest retail trade in the United States.



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AGENTS WANTED.—A RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY RAPIDLY selling our NEW BOOK,

NEW YORK, BY SUNLICHT AND GASLICHT

Showing up the New York of TO-DAY, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing crowded trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities and in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address, DOUGLASS BROS., 52 North Seventh Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

WITH the sultry weather light costumes, and china crapes, mousseline de soie, and printed foulards are decidedly the fashionable materials, all greatly in demand.

The first cannot well be surpassed for elegance, and the foulards, printed with bouquets of exquisitely designed flowers, are especially adapted to the picturesque style now much affected by the erstwhile followers of æstheticism.

Simplicity of form and material is, however, greatly sought after by many young ladies, and plain and spotted India muslin, both white and ecru, are well worn, made up either over silk of the same or contrasting color; while whole skirts of black or white Spanish lace, Chantilly, and deep Swiss embroideries are frequently seen, decorated with shaded ribbons in drooping bows, the lace bodices lined with color to correspond.

Black grenadines, satin-striped, and embroidered with tiny garlands of flowers, are in favor, and look well arranged as paniers with a simple gathered bodice over skirts of either colored silk or satin.

Fine serges, batistes, and zephyr cloth, for morning wear, are pretty, useful, and inexpensive, three excellent recommendations where economy is the rule; but, taking advantage of the numerous "summer sales" announced, no difficulty should be experienced in the selection of one or more dainty and bright-looking toilettes, suitable for walking or seaside wear.

These are made with box-plaited skirts, and trimming of narrow ribbon or velvet, and worn on paniers, with a tabbed habit-coat of some dark color.

Traveling dresses of wool grenadine of the fashionable tan shades, or thin bege in fawn, cinnamon, iron-grey, bronze, nemophila, and smoke-blue are all fashionable, the skirts simply made with tucks or rows of stitching, having only a garniture of hanging velvet bows, in dark shades of mahogany-brown, ruby, terra-cotta, or sapphire blue.

Small toques of velvet, with flat bows of gold cashmere lace, accompany these costumes.

Tussore and Indian corah silks are extremely light and agreeable wear, and these are trimmed with ecru lace or colored Russian embroidery.

A skirt of tussore, edged with fan-shaped frillings of soft silk in stripes of white and navy blue, the back arraged en cascade, with a scarf of the striped material placed round the hips and carelessly knotted at the side, low on the skirt, is especially mentioned as affording a good example of the prevailing style, the jacket bodice being ornamented with a gathered waistcoat of the stripes, with cuffs to match.

A hat of ecru lace, Fedora shape, lined with blue, and trimmed with a bunch of shaded cornflowers, completes this pretty costume.

Large shady hats of lace, basket work, and fine colored straws are greatly in favor for country and sea-side wear, with clusters of fruit and berries of all kinds, such as black and white grapes, cherries, apples, plums and walnuts.

Some French garden hats of large size are composed of tinted lace over scarlet twill, a large rosette with small balls of white beads hanging from the centre being the only ornament.

For boating and tennis nothing is better than fine white flannel and vicuna, either checked with fine lines of color, or printed with large colored spots.

These are made up as full plain skirts, with scarf of striped flannel—white, with the color selected—surrounding the hips; a gathered bodice.

A vast quantity of lace is used on summer dresses, often three different widths in one gown, but care must be taken that they are all the same pattern.

The lace on the basque bodice is three inches, while that for tabliers and flounces varies from three to eight inches in width.

French laces that imitate Chantilly designs are most generally used, except for grenadine dresses, when the Spanish guipure laces are considered more appropriate.

Some pretty walking costumes are made thus.

The skirts are of shot silk, blue and green chestnut and blue, etc., and they are plaited; the tunic and draperies are of cashmere, and trimmed with velvet to match one of the colors in the silk, dark blue, brown, or green, as the case may be; long flots of velvet ribbon fall from the left hip.

The cashmere bodice has a short basque, and either a waistcoat crossed with two bands of velvet, or a full guimpe, both waistcoat and guimpe being shot silk to match the skirt.

For dinner and evening wear they use for broche gauze, cream gauze, with Indian palms, or cream veiling, the bodices, paniers, and draperies; the lower part of the skirt consists of deep lace flounces over pale-colored silk.

Velvet ribbon of dark color, such as prune, claret, ruby, or blue falls on long loops in the gauze.

The bodices are sometimes velvet of the same dark color, and all have either a gathered waistcoat or guimpe of either gauze or lace, the sleeves are lace and transparent.

There are pretty short, close-fitting jackets in blue vigogne, trimmed with silver and black braid, and fastened with burnished silver buttons.

The yachting costumes are in dark blue serge, plaited in wide folds with red bands; the waistcoat is white, and there is a large sailor collar, fastened with a black neckkie, exactly as sailors wear them.

I have seen some pretty summer bonnets and hats.

The former in Leghorn straw, trimmed with crepe lisse, and a tuft of fruit-red currants or strawberries—veiled with crepe; gold basket bonnets, with red velvet and bunches of cherries.

There are bonnets of gold tulle, lined with cobra velvet, and trimmed with a torsade of maize tulle and a pouf of split or dechirees feathers.

Some small capots have a crown composed of a trellis of pearls, and a lace brim; a large bow of cream velvet, and a marabout aigrette.

Useful dresses for traveling and rough wear appear, indeed, to be just now engrossing the attention of all principal ladies tailors, fine, light-weighted cloths of dark shades of plum, claret, green, navy, tan, and mahogany brown are popular.

A new description of ornamentation consists of patterns of flowers, braided with a small round satin cord; this, being all handworked, is somewhat costly, though the effect obtained is decidedly good and rich looking.

A costume, of dull tan-colored cloth, had the apron front scattered with sprays of carnations outlined in brown silk cord of a deeper tint, draped over a plain skirt of the same colored silk with a narrow box-plait at the edge, the back of the skirt fully draped, the bodice tight-fitting, and with tabbed basque, braided in bouquets to correspond.

A second dress, of deep myrtle green, was particularly well carried out; the skirt of myrtle-green ottoman had an overdress of cashmere, with rows of graduated circles of velvet, appliqued with the narrow cord above mentioned.

The front of the bodice was similarly ornamented.

Other suitable and less expensive traveling gowns were made of minute checks, in white, and with colors, principally green, brown, and dark red, with these skirts, arranged with deep kilts, and peplum overdresses.

Jacket bodices of dark cloth are worn, the trimming consisting of fine closely placed rows of narrow mixed braids in black, with gold or silver.

Newmarket coats, and a new ulster cloak, called the "Leno" are worn for wraps. This is semi-fitting, and easy of adjustment.

It is made in all kinds of light cloth, tweeds, plaids, and tussore silk, the loose square sleeves being lined with silk, with tiny stripes of various bright colors.

Poppy-red will again be worn at the seaside, and duchesses have ordered simple cotton dresses of the material called "Adrianople" in that brilliant color. Adrianople is cheap enough, but, as with inexpensive fish, the most costly sauce is required, the trimmings consist of deep flocile lace and either black or red velvet.

By the way, all sorts of new trimmings have been introduced for summer costumes. Lovers of novelty may admire them, because, although incongruous, they are effective for seaside and country dresses; they are made up of twine, India cottons, linens, and leather.

Fireside Chat.

FASHIONS AND FURNITURE.

THERE is no longer the same slavish following of fashion, at least in matters pertaining to the furnishing and decoration of houses, that there used to be a few years since.

The laws laid down by upholsterers in vogue are no longer accepted without questioning, on the contrary, every mistress of a household exercises her wits in trying to devise something perfectly new, and the more startling the better.

She copies nothing, and if she is really ingenious, gifted with taste, and has plenty of resources, she always has a pretty surprise in store for her friends, who find some novel idea or arrangement where they thought they knew everything that could be or had been done.

The most pleasant and restful rooms are those in which curiosities, costly pieces of furniture, rare plants, and priceless fabrics are distributed in studied disorder, to form five or six distinct little centres, each with an individuality of its own, where the guests can either indulge in a quiet friendly chat or take their part in the general conversation.

The great art of the hostess nowadays is to banish from her larger rooms the frigid, empty, severe atmosphere that seems to haunt them, and falls like a depressing cloud on those who enter.

We have left behind us the days when all the seats were made from the same pattern and arranged in stiff lines round the walls, which a few large pictures served to decorate, when, in spite of the lavish use of gilding, the room had a cold, gloomy, uncomfortable aspect that made visiting a penance hard to be endured.

There is nothing gloomy or rigid now in the rooms inhabited by a woman of taste and intelligence; everything is in harmony and one is forced to admire the genuine talent that has been displayed in producing so agreeable a result.

If the upholsterer has been at work it is at least evident that he is an artist and thoroughly understands the art of using his materials, and combining satin and plush so as to have the best effects that each is capable of producing.

Not even two portieres are alike, though all have massive intertwined draperies, the folds kept in place by invisible stitches, and the curtains caught up by rich cords: bands and chains are far too simple and commonplace for use now.

Pieces of gorgeously colored Eastern stuffs are draped over mirrors or on mantel pieces, or are thrown over screens or hung on the wall; there are tiny mirrors with painted sprays of wild roses or marguerites small easels are placed on the tables; consoles are concealed under the most skilfully arranged draperies; drawings, photographs, engravings and sketches are thrown broadcast, but always in such a manner that each work of art shall serve to show forth the beauty of its neighbor as well as its own.

On the many small tables ready to the hand are albums containing sketches or portraits of special interest, and photographs of personal friends or of well known and often visited country houses are put in artistic frames, for the fashionable lady is not content to surround herself with proofs of her good taste only, she must also have souvenirs of friends and places to testify to her having a heart as well as a head.

Seats are numerous, varied, and comfortable, and chosen to suit the probable requirements of the guests.

There are chairs of stately proportions, and not too low, in which lady visitors with well developed figures may recline comfortably without feeling halt buried; little low easy chairs for smaller and younger ladies.

Light portable chairs that can be easily carried from place to place to join another group in a distant part of the room.

Little chairs and cushions for children; in short, every description of seat suitable for drawing rooms that upholsterers can devise.

The room, if large, is sub-divided by means of screens into a number of smaller ones, each one the nucleus of a small coterie of from two to eight or ten persons, who thus collected together can converse quietly with their friends and look on at what is passing around them.

These screens are a great feature, and are decorated in a thousand different manners, everything that is most precious and rare in the way of ancient textile fabrics, even if it be a mere fragment, being suspended over a panel of a screen.

Large mirrors are now generally draped: a drawn silk blind sometimes covers them partially, or a breadth of plush is draped over the top.

A picture suspended from the cornice hangs in front of the glass.

A few good ornaments, figures in Sevres or Dresden china and bronze statuettes are placed on the mantel shelf, but the chief decoration consists of flowers growing in pots or cut bouquets, perfuming the air with their delicious fragrance.

Palms, bananas, and araucarias are the fashionable plants just now, and these are grown in rustic looking jardinieres of plaited rushes and straw on bamboo frames.

Sometimes they are draped with the inevitable plush, plain or embroidered. Cut flowers are put in the most fanciful receptacles, such as an embroidered sachet on a small gilt easel; in this case they are thrust in with apparently careless, but really studied grace.

A French woman delights in displaying the huge floral trophies presented by the habitues of her house.

These frequently take the form of a large cushion of small flowers, violets for instance, surrounded by a border of rose buds, or of a fan, with carnations doing the duty of the guard and sticks, long sprays of lilac springing from them in fan shape, and a large bow of ribbon fastening the sticks together at the base. More graceful than these are fashionable baskets of gilded rushes filled with the most delicious roses, a syray of mimosa being fastened on to the top of the handle by a gigantic bow of ribbon or lace.

Correspondence.

B. M. W., (Winchester, Pa.)—It is impossible.

H. S. T., (Summersville, Pa.)—1. Yes. 2. Your writing is excellent.

L. M. F., (Bush Hill, N. C.)—Your inquiry was answered in No. 5.

M. T. M., (Newport, N. J.)—You can address the agency in this city.

PETER, (Phila., Pa.)—You need about three more years practice to become perfect.

K. M. C., (Rock Hill, S. C.)—It would be far better to dismiss him now than six months hence.

A. B. H., (Brooklyn, N. Y.)—You should consult a first-class physician, and he will advise you.

T. W. S., (Crescent City, Cal.)—The young lady is wrong in her ideas. She should be advised by you.

A. L. M., (Norristown, Pa.)—The young lady should first consult her parents before accepting you.

LEWIS, (Camden, N. J.)—You should consider the matter before you make up your mind to commence it. It needs capital and experience.

M. M. L., (Wheeling, Va.)—To give you a clear idea of the various senses of the pronouns "that" and "which" would require more space than we can conveniently spare in this department. We would advise you, therefore, to procure some standard work on grammar or composition, in which you will find a detailed description of how and when to use these words.

M. S. E., (Waushard, Wis.)—1. A gentleman can talk with other gentlemen while traveling, and allow his daughter to do the same, and feel assured that no harm could result from her so doing, for he is her protector, and usually an all-sufficient guardian. 2. If young men offer you their cards while traveling alone, do not receive them, but politely decline the civility.

C. L. M., (Solon, Iowa.)—The gentleman has not acted in a proper manner, and it would be better for you not to notice him; since, however, you are very desirous of an explanation, you might ask a friend to ascertain for you the reason of his strange behavior. Probably some one has told him something that has caused him to take offense, or you may have caused him to feel jealous.

S. D. G., (Ford, Mich.)—If you possess sufficient income and are able to establish and support a wife and family, you may reasonably ask your parents to give their consent or some good and sufficient reason for withholding it. A man must sometimes decide and act for himself. Possibly you are too young, and have no money to justify such a serious and responsible a matter as contracting a marriage.

T. F. B., (Chicago, Ill.)—Under the circumstances, you did nothing improper in writing to the young man you seem to love with such intensity, neither would it be wrong to send him another letter, knowing, as you do, that on account of sickness he could not answer your first. Doubtless when he recovers he will amply repay you for the trouble you have taken in sending him letters, which must have been welcome.

W. T. D., (Tangle, La.)—The people of Madagascar, known as the Malagasy, are almost as dark as the negro races, of whose blood there is a large infusion among them. The Albinos shown in museums answer your description. They do not form a race by themselves, but occur occasionally among all races. Albinism is hereditary only to the same limited degree as lameness or deafness; that is to say, it is apt to run in families.

T. E. M., (Toland, Conn.)—There are a certain class of people in the world who busy themselves about everybody's affairs but their own, and to one of these you owe the unpleasantness you mention. It appears to us, however, that the young gentleman's own sense has repaired the mischief occasioned, and by your description of his behavior he seems to entertain an affection for you, which in a short time will develop his intentions, and if they point to marriage, you may enter into an engagement with him.

K. E. B., (Phila., Pa.)—You should treat the young gentleman with politeness when he is thrown in your way, as you should treat any one you know. If he chooses to call on you, receive him as a friend, and nothing more. He probably has simply a kindly feeling towards you, as an old acquaintance, and you should have only the same feeling for him: if he is a little conceited and annoying, he is no worse than three young men out of four, at a certain age. If his mother asks you to call on her, do so, at a time when her son is sure to be out of the way; if he notices this, tell him you went to see his mother and not him.

AGNES, (New Haven, Conn.)—The bow is the proper mode of salutation between acquaintances in public, and, under certain circumstances, in private. Be sure, however, that it is not a mere nod. A gentleman should raise his hat completely from his head and slightly incline his body when meeting a lady of his acquaintance, or a gentleman friend accompanied by a lady. Ladies should recognize their male friends with a bow or graceful inclination. It is their place to bow first, although among very intimate acquaintances the recognition may be simultaneous. A young lady should show the same deference to an elderly lady, or one occupying a higher social position, that a gentleman does to a lady.

LISA G., (Belpre, Wash. O.)—According to the Roman poet "The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love," and so we hope it will prove in your case. It is an old saying that there can be no true love without jealousy. This is more than doubtful, but still it is only natural that if your sweetheart is of a quick sensitive disposition he should take exception to your allowing the meaningless attention of a brainless fop even though only "just for a bit of fun." Lovers who are really worthy of the name, even in this practical age, do not relish the object of their affections being dangled after by others, and are apt to exclaim, in the words of a well-known burlesque:—

"Go, beauty, go, and get another lover where you can;
Let him who may, fancy the maid that fancies every man."

ing, I notice, his pipe among a litter of cans and pots on the encumbered mantel-shelf, to be taken up, when he is gone, by a plate-layer-looking man, who extracts from the black clay the few whiffs of consolation that its red-hot ashes contain.

The pipe, it transpires, is the common property of the men, and its sacred fire is never suffered to go out.

Originally it cost one penny, but its value has increased with its blackness.

The north-east wind still sweeps down the valley in icy gusts.

"Just such a night as this when you saved the express, Sam," says the porter who has introduced me to the rough hospitality and roaring fire of this little room.

"When I heard the wind, I was thinkin' on it myself," replies Sam.

He is the plate-layer-looking man, who has the "consolatory whiffs" out of the pipe; a heavy, unkempt, weather-beaten man, with a rugose face.

His ponderous lace-up boots, and strapped corduroy trousers, seem to contain sufficient clay to establish a small landed estate. I am anxious to hear the story. One or two of his comrades of the line prompt him to recount his experience.

An earnest look comes over the rugged face.

His eyes had an expression as if they were looking far away.

"Well, sir," he begins, "there's not much in it.

"It's nigh fifteen years ago.

"There was none o' them block telegrafts and Westin' house brakes, and Pullman cars on the cut then.

"It wor just such a dirty night as this, when the wind wor up and wouldna be said.

"We had a pitch in just at the edge on the viaduct at the Junction.

"The shuntin' fogin wor a collectin' her cars, and she got astride on the racin'-p'lots, just as the down slow passenger train came a knockin' into her, and blockin' both roads.

"Some sed it wor all on account of the signals.

"Others made it out as it wor cos the lockin'-bar wor out of order.

"Anyhow the Government inspector couldna clear it up, although there wor any amount of ingineers and officials down wi' plans and sections.

"We wor all confusion.

"Luckily none was much the worse.

"Some was shook a bit, and an owd woman died of the fright.

"I live close by the line, and hearing the crash, runned up to see what was amiss.

"I wor just a goin' to help to clear one of the roads, when something quite of a sudden like occurred to my mohud.

"I asked Job Croft, 'Is the "Scotchman" gone up yet?'

"'No!' said somebody in the dark.

"I think it wor the station-master.

"I had a red lamp in my hands, and off I started to stop her.

"Have you never seen her go across the viaduct, sir?

"She comes down the bank at sixty miles an hour every night of her life.

"The incline falls one in seventy, so you may guess she's not wasting time.

"She just slips down with her fifteen cars like well-oiled lightnin'.

"Well' as I wor a sayin', I runs over the viaduct like a madman, makes my way through the tunnel, and when I got in the cuttin', the wind brought me the roar of the 'Scotchman' going like a red-hot rocket through Drabble Dale station, a mile or more off.

"The wind it came through the cuttin' till I had fairly to bowd myself on the rails, to keep myself from being a' blown away.

"It wor then my lamp went out.

"It wor blown clear out, and in no time the 'Scotchman' would be a ripping down the hill like a havalanche of flame.

"I searched my pockets for a match.

"In my coat-pockets never a one, although I generally carries a box, and have done so ever since that fearful night.

"At last in my waistcoat-pockets I found one match.

"One match, and the wind wor a blowin' through the cuttin' as through a funnel!

"I'm not a saint, sir; but I know'd that the lives in that thunderin' express depended on that one match.

"If she went into the fouled line she'd drop over the viaduct into the river.

"The perspiration covered me with a cold sweat.

"I could 'ear my 'art a thumpin'.

"For a moment I went a' dizzy like.

"Then I pulled myself together and throwed my whole life into one short prayer.

"It wor all done in a moment.

"I felt then in the cuttin' for a crevice, and, thank God! there wor a small opening where the fog-men shelter when they are signallin' the trains on thick nights.

"I crept in this 'are place.

"I opens my lamp, and put the match inside the frame.

"I trembled lest it should fall.

"But somehow I wor strangely cool and steady about the hands.

"I struck, and huddled round the match.

"The wick caught the fire, and I wor just in time to jump from the hole into the six-foot and wave the red signal to the driver of the 'Scotchman,' as she rushed past faster than the wind.

"She wor a goin'!

"But the driver wor on the look-out, and had seen the red light.

"I heard the danger whistle for all the brakes to be clapped on, and I heard 'em a grindin' on the metals, and then there wor a gratin' that told me he wor a reversin' the ingine."

"Stopped?"

"Yes, sir, just as she got on the edge of the viaduct.

"He had her buffer-plank not three yards from where the line wor a fouled.

"The sweat poured down my face as I made Junction again.

"But I know'd I'd saved the train, and I prayed again, not in words, but with a sort of choking gratitude that came up in big, burning lumps in my throat.

"Some of my mates gave me this 'ere watch and chain, and I wor shifted up by the Superintendint to a ganger's job; but I dunna take so much credit to myself, for Providence lit the match that night in the storm."

* * * * * * *

Just as the speaker is finishing his story, the gong rings in announcement of the London train.

I grasp the great, hard, honest hand of Sam in a cordial good-bye.

When the train is whirling me to the South I repeat his story to myself, and think that there are heroes, working in humble obscurity on the line, who are as great as any on the battle-field.

Undecorated, unrewarded, unknown, they may be; but they are brave and unflinching, when duty calls and danger threatens, as any of the valorous ones upon whose red coats the Empress Queen has with her royal hands pinned the Victoria Cross.

A Race for Life.

BY HENRY FRITH.

DINNER is over, the ladies have withdrawn, and round the fragments of a costly dessert sit four gentlemen.

Colonel Harvie and his guests, Captain Morton and William Staines, are sipping their wine and talking politics, with Master Tom Harvie, the Colonel's young nephew.

He was home for the Christmas holidays, and spending them for the first time with his uncle, who has lately returned from India, is busily engaged on an enormous pear, and wondering if it would be possible, with a little ingenuity, to get possession of the claret-bottle, which is at the other end of the table close to his uncle's elbow.

Presently he rises, and strolls towards the coveted object, with a face of the most perfect indifference, and is just about to seize his prize, when—

"I should try an orange now, old boy, if you are thirsty," says his uncle.

Unhappy Tom knows what that means, and hastily retreats, baffled, but by no means beaten.

He discusses the orange, which is followed by a bunch of purple grapes, and then, feeling at peace with himself and the whole world, joins in the conversation.

The Colonel and his friends being stanch Tories, and with very similar opinions on most political questions, any suggestion or theory advanced by one is carried unanimously by the other two.

Therefore, their remarks being neither very interesting or exciting, Tom's chatter is listened to, much to that youth's surprise and pleasure.

"Oh uncle," he begins, "what is that extraordinary arrangement you have in the hall?"

"What, the bicycle?"

"Yes, I suppose it's a bicycle.

"But it's the nastiest old one I ever saw.

"Why should it stand on that splendid tiger-skin?"

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale," says Captain Morton sententiously.

"To the tiger-skin or the bicycle?" asked Tom.

"If you begin making bad jokes at your time of life, Master Tom, I don't know what will become of you.

"By the by, Staines, have you heard of Harvie's Indian adventure?"

William Staines, who has only lately become acquainted with his host, answers "No."

"I've written it in the shape of a story since I saw you last, Morton," says the Colonel, "and if you like, we will read it over our cigars.

"You, being a literary man, Staines, must listen critically."

"A story, hurrah!" shouts Tom.

The manuscript is produced, and Colonel Harvie, settling himself comfortably, adjusts his double eye-glasses, clears his throat, and begins:—

Has a bicycle never saved a man's life?

A curious question, and one to which I imagine few persons could answer affirmatively.

I am one of those few, however.

As the life in question had a particular interest for me, being my own, all the details of the terrible event are firmly fixed in my memory.

The case is entirely without parallel, and will, I venture to think, interest general readers, though they may have no love for "a rubbishy bicycular thing," as I once heard an old farmer call my beloved machine.

I was always very fond of bicycling, and from the time when I was a small boy, and labored for hours as a bone-shaker, to the days when I became the proud possessor of one of the first bicycles ever manufactured, I revelled in the enchanting pastime, spending hours which should have been otherwise occupied on the back of my iron horse, thus putting my physical powers a long way ahead of my mental.

In fact, I hated the sight of a book, and was never happy unless scouring the country on my bicycle.

My father was a doctor in a little Kentish village, and, having a large family, he was thankful indeed when, at the age of nineteen, a commission was obtained for me by a wealthy friend in a regiment about to sail for India.

No awful examinations in those days!

And one fine morning I found myself with the King's Own at Plymouth, starting in H. M. S. Ganges for our mighty Eastern Empire.

I will not attempt to describe my months of sea life, because every one has read of nautical adventures dozen of times before.

Suffice is to say I was very sea-sick and miserable the first week on board, like everybody else, and caught myself wishing I was dead.

I found afterwards that was rather a common wish with people in the first agonies of this malady.

Then I recovered, and enjoyed myself like everybody else; and saw a flying fish, and was disappointed with it, like everybody else; and fished for hours, with about a quarter of mile of line over the stern, catching nothing, like everybody else; and when we sighted land I was thankful, like everybody else.

A grand new bicycle was my father's parting present to me, and great was my delight at finding that another young "sub," in my regiment was also a bicyclist.

In these days, when the "iron wheel" had so many votaries, this may seem nothing very strange.

But, to realize my surprise and pleasure, you must remember that a bicycle was then a comparative curiosity, and a bicyclist a person to be stared at and admired, or otherwise.

Enormous was the amounts of money betted by us on races to come, and innumerable the beauties we discussed in our own machines.

Once we attempted a race on board, down one side of the deck.

But a nasty lurch nearly sent my companion overboard, and the captain soon put a stop to our proceedings.

Well, we reached our destination at last, and steamed up the mighty Hooghly to Calcutta.

Words fail to describe the sensation which our bicycles caused.

They were, I believe, the first ever seen in India.

As we rode together into the town, some days after our arrival, one would have thought it was the triumphal entry of some Eastern potentate.

Our first appearance was hailed with a cry of horror by a crowd of mendicants and children hovering round the outside of the market.

Curiosity, however, soon got the better of their fear, and, by the time we had ridden a quarter of a mile, there was a regular mob at our heels, all following silently, with grave earnest faces and quiet tread—in fact, they might have been attending some funeral.

Soon every available stall and house-top was crammed with heads.

The street in front of us seemed cleared as if by magic.

On we rode as slowly as possible, trying to look like judges.

The first horse we came to nearly went into a fit.

Had a native been driving, the consequences would probably have been serious.

But the white soldier in the vehicle pulled the unhappy beast up, and made it examine and follow our bicycles.

These operations were watched by our bodyguard with the deepest interest.

We did not see many horses in town, fortunately, and the stalled oxen generally employed as beasts of burden paid not the slightest attention to us.

At length we arrived at a drinking-fountain, and alighted from our machines, causing another loud cry of astonishment.

After we had a refreshing drink we remounted.

As we reached the outskirts of the town we quickened our pace, and, finding a grand level stretch of road in front of us, began to race, soon leaving every one far behind.

I could fill a book with the curious incidents and accidents which befell us in going "up country."

Our regiment was always on the move, and panics of one kind or other were very frequent on our bicycle excursions.

On one occasion, when I was riding quietly, a half-demented native—one of the few remaining followers of Juggernaut—ran out into the road in front of me, and fell down almost under my bicycle.

The unfortunate man wished to sacrifice himself, as he would have done under the huge wheels which carry his god.

It was with the greatest difficulty I avoided him.

He rose with the air of a person who had quite made up his mind to leave this world, but had suddenly come back to it by a short cut.

It certainly never struck him that his religious arrangements would put me out in the least.

My friend, too, met with an unpleasant adventure.

Peacocks are common birds in India, and in some parts are sacred, no one being allowed to kill or shoot them.

They swarm in the jungles, and are sometimes seen domesticated round the villages, strutting about like so many barn-door fowls in an English farm.

My friend found out this to his cost; for one day, turning a corner at a good pace, he ran right into a flock of them, coming a nasty cropper himself, and killing one of the birds.

Endless complications followed.

The owner vowed nothing we could give him would compensate for the loss of the sacred bird, that ill-luck would fall on him and his house, and that the "sahib" would certainly die before the week was out.

The "sahib" having given the man every farthing he had with him, and implored him to think no more about the matter, mounted his fallen steed and rode back to the camp, feeling somewhat crestfallen.

The affair did not end here, however.

The native authorities of the village came in a body to our commanding officer.

It was with the greatest difficulty he managed to pacify them.

This occurrence created a bad impression in the place.

We were very glad to leave it for another station higher up the country.

We were now approaching the hills; and the long-talked-of bicycle-race I was to ride again my friend Fred Bent had not yet come off.

Soon our pet pastime would have to be abandoned for an indefinite period.

After mess we drew up and signed articles in the regular professional style to ride a ten mile race for a bet of twenty-five dollars a side, my opponent to receive three minutes start.

This little arrangement would have made us both forfeit our right to ever ride as amateurs, but we did not know that then, and I daresay we should not care if we had.

We were now stationed at the foot of the hills.

The ground to our north became gradually broken, rising peak after peak, and stretching away to the region of eternal snow.

There was a grand native road within a short distance of our camp, running away for ten miles as flat as a drawing-board.

It lay through the open plain, and then a deserted tract was reached, becoming wilder as the road proceeded, and finally swallowing it up in an impenetrable jungle.

It was on this road I intended to train.

Bent had found a circular path round some native huts a short way from the station, measuring about six laps to the mile, and here he prepared himself for the coming struggle.

After a week of such training as would make a modern athlete's hair stand on end—meat almost raw, chopped up very finely; little drinks of neat brandy, &c.—we considered ourselves fit for the contest.

The adventure I am now about to relate occurred the evening before the eventful day.

I was just starting for a last ride over my favorite course, when an officer passing stopped me, and said—

"Have you heard of the tiger, Harvie?"

"No," I answered.

"The natives have just brought word that a large tiger is marked down in the jungle about ten miles from here; so don't go too far this evening."

"All right," I laughed.

"I think a tiger would find it a difficult matter to catch me—my training would tell on him."

I had not seen any large wild beast as yet, and my notion of a tiger was a thin sleepy-looking animal, as I had once seen in a traveling menagerie.

Away I rode, my comrade's caution forgotten before I had gone a mile.

I started at a good pace, but not racing, as I intended to do all I knew coming home.

In about an hour I reached my usual halting-place, ten miles from the camp; but this being the last night of my training, I made up my mind to ride another couple of miles, and then to do the whole distance back at my best pace.

I rode on, and in another ten minutes' found myself in the jungle.

Now for the race home.

Dismounting, I oiled my machine, tightened up every screw, and then sat down on a boulder to rest and enjoy the prospect.

A beautiful scene it was too!

Above me rose the grand mountains, their snowy tops blushing crimson in the setting sun.

Here a little waterfall, like a thread of gold and silver, flashing down the mountain-side, and twining in and out amongst the masses of trees and rocks.

There a glimpse of fairyland through a jungle vista.

A pool, or "tank," as they are called, surrounded by a dense foliage, festooned by parasitical climbing plants, glowing with flowers of every imaginable hue.

Humming-birds, like fiery gems, flashed hither and thither, darting in and out amongst the trees.

On the "tank" floated water-fowl of every kind, and the banks were alive with gorgeous birds, their plumage rivalling the flowers in brilliancy and variety of color.

But now the shadows were deepening, the crimson on the mountain-top had disappeared, and the cold snow began to look gray and ghostly.

A flying fox went rustling past me, and I hastily prepared to mount; for there is scarcely any twilight in India, and I knew it would soon be dark.

As I rose, my eyes encountered something which made me start,and nearly drop my bicycle.

There, not forty yards off, was a tiger.

I knew that animal well enough.

But how different he looked from the lean half-starved little beast I had seen at home!

He had just come into the open space from a dense jungle-break, and sat there, washing his face and purring in a contented sort of way, like a huge cat.

Was I frightened?

Not an atom.

I had my bicycle and a start of forty yards, so if I could not beat him it was a pity.

He had not seen me yet, and I stood for another minute admiring the handsome creature, and then quietly mounted.

The tiger was directly on my right, while the road stretched straight away in front of me.

The noise I made roused him.

He looked up, and then, after deliberately stretching himself, came leaping with long graceful bounds over the rank-grass and rocks which separated him from the road.

He did not seem a bit angry, but evidedtly wished to get a nearer view of such an extraordinary object.

Forty yards, however, I thought was quite near enough for safety.

The tiger was in the road behind me now.

So I pulled myself together, and began to quicken pace.

Would he stop, disgusted, after the first hundred yards, and give up the chase, or would he stick to it?

I quite hoped he would follow me, and already pictured in my mind the graphic description I would write home of my race with a tiger.

Little did I think what a terrible race it was going to be.

I looked behind me.

By Jove! he was "sticking to it."

I could not judge the distance; but at any rate I was no further from him then when we started.

Now for a spurt!

I rode the next half mile as hard as I could.

But, on again looking round, found I had not gained a yard.

The tiger was on my track, moving with a long swinging trot, and going quite as quickly as I was.

For the first time I began to feel anxious, and thought uneasily of the ten long miles which separated me from safety.

However, it was no good thinking now.

It was my muscle and iron stood against the brute.

I could only do my best, and trust in Providence.

Now there was no doubt about the tiger's intention.

His blood was up, and on he came,occasionally giving vent to a roar,which made the ground tremble.

Another mile had been traversed, and the tiger was slowly but surely closing up.

I dashed my pouch to the ground,hoping it would stop him for a few seconds.

But he kept steadily on, and I felt it was then grim earnest.

I calculated we must be about seven miles from camp how, and before I could ride another four my pursuer, I knew, must reach me.

Oh, the agony of those minutes, which seemed to me like long hours!

Another mile passed, then another.

I could hear him behind me now—pad, pad, pad, quicker and quicker, louder and louder.

I turned in my saddle for a moment, and saw there were not twenty yards separating us!

How enormous the brute looked, and how terrible!

His huge tongue hung out, and the only sound he made was a continual hoarse growl of rage, while his eyes seemed to literally flash fire.

It was like some awful nightmare, and, with a shudder, I bent down over the handles, and flew.

On, on, on.

The slightest slip, I knew, would be fatal.

A sudden jolt, a screw giving, I should be hurled to instant death.

Human strength would not stand much more.

The prolonged strain had told upon me, and I felt it would soon be all over.

My breath came in thick sobs, a mist gathered before my eyes.

I was stopped.

My legs refused to move, and a thousand fiends seemed to be flitting about me,holding me back!

A weight like lead was on my chest; I was choking, I was dying.

Then a few moments, which seemed a lifetime, and then—crash—with a roar like thunder the tiger was on me, and I was crushed to the ground.

Then I heard shots fired,a Babel of men's voices, and all was blank.

* * * * * *

After many days of unconsciousness and raging fever, reason gradually returned, and I learnt the particulars of my deliverance.

A party of officers had started with a shikaree, or native hunter, to a trap which had been prepared for the tiger.

A goat was tethered on the out-skirts of the jungle, and the sportsmen had started to take up positions in the trees near, to wait for their game, which the bleat of the goat, in the stillness of the night, would speedily have attracted.

They were talking of our coming bicycle race as they went along, and expecting every moment to meet me on my return journey.

As they passed a clump of bushes I came in sight, about a quarter of a mile in front of them, whirling along in a cloud of dust, which hid my terrible pursuer.

They soon, however, saw my awful danger.

The huge brute, mad with rage, hurled itself upon me just as I reached them.

My friends stood almost petrified with terror, and did not dare to fire.

But the shikaree, a man of iron nerve, and accustomed to face sudden danger of all kinds in the hunting-field, sprang quickly to within a yard of the tiger, and, putting the rifle almost to the animal's ear, fired twice, and blew it brains out, just in time to save my life.

I was drawn from under the palpitating body of my dead enemy, every one present believing that it was all up with me.

Making a litter of boughs, they carried me into the camp, where I lay for many weary weeks lingering between life and death.

At the conclusion of the Colonel's story a general move was made, and the queer old bicycle, standing victorious upon the remains of his pursuer, and surrounded by many Indian trophies, was examined with the deepest interest.

"Allow me, gentlemen, to introduce you to my valued old friend," said Colonel Harvie, "who took so prominent a part in my Race for Life."

A Cruel Fate.

BY HENRY PRITH.

"'For man must work, and woman must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep.'"

So sang Claire, as she emerged from the shadow of the trees and walked idly down the beach.

Before her the sea spread out its changing surface.

Behind her nestled the sombre green forest.

From the west the sun sent his gleaming arrows into the bosom of the dimpling waters.

The quiet of the scene was very welcome to her, though formerly she had been no lover of solitude.

Misfortune, however, developes unsuspected traits and tastes in most of us, and now loneliness seemed no bad thing.

It was, of course, preferable to witness gaiety in which she had no part.

On the lawn which stretched in front of the hotel that Claire had turned her back upon, a group of ladies and gentleman had gathered.

Just now they were languidly amusing themselves at croquet.

Guy Wrayburn stood a little apart from the others, his back against a tree, a slight frown upon his brow, a dissatisfied look in his eyes as he gazed moodily at the ground.

His thoughts had been far away, and he started slightly when a gentleman strolled over to him, tapped him on the shoulder, and cried out—

"What's up, my boy?

"Why so pensive?"

"Oh, never mind him," said Wrayburn's wife, a vivacious brunette, who was leaning on her mallet in a picturesque attitude, the centre of a group of gentlemen.

"He can no more help that disagreeable look than the shape of his nose.

"My lord is tired of the gay world."

Mr. Wrayburn had not looked towards his wife while she spoke.

"Thank you, Hugh," he answered, trying to speak lightly.

"Croquet is rather above my intellect, I think.

"No.

"I had just made up my mind for a row."

And turning he strode towards the beach, where a frail boat lay rocking invitingly on the waves.

There was a savage look on his face as he stepped in and picked up the oars.

For some time he rowed vigorously, never lifting his eyes, and pondering deeply.

"Mr. Wrayburn!" called a clear voice from the shore.

Looking up eagerly, he saw the white-robed figure on the sand, and turning the the light boat, sent it dancing towards her.

A new light burned in Guy Wrayburn's eyes.

He had loved this woman well in the days of his early manhood, and the memory of that love had never quite left him.

But for the sudden financial misfortunes of her father, and his own woeful lack of worldly goods, they might have gone through life together, a model, commonplace wedded pair.

He had been forced into withdrawing his attention in no very graceful manner, and it was uncommonly nice of her to treat him so civilly now.

Perhaps it was because she had loved him so poorly, he thought,with unreasonable indignation.

"Well, he was married now, so——"

"You look like a nineteenth century Nereid, standing there so white and ghostly, Miss Day," said Guy, as the boat grazed the beach.

"Come back to your natural home, lest you suffer the fate of your luckless ancestors."

"Indeed I will, and much obliged," said Claire, accepting his hand and stepping in.

"Ah, this is pleasant!"

"You look sad," he said.

"What is it?

"You used to tell me all you griefs in the old days."

"Did I?

"That was before I had any," she said, curtly.

"Yet—I don't know—I somehow feel like pouring my trials into a sympathetic ear."

"You have always found mine so," he began.

Then, noting the angry protest in her eyes, he went on, gently—

"You promised to forgive and forget the mistakes of the past.

"Try to believe me a loyal friend to-day, for indeed the years have changed me more than you know."

Claire had dropped her hand in the water, and was idly watching the ripples left behind it.

"The life of my lady's companion," she began, ruminatingly, wincing a little at the unpleasant word—"such a life is scarcely the thing to reconcile one who has seen brighter days to a sudden eclipse.

"We used to believe—did we not?—that lack of money was about the worst thing that could fall to one's lot.

"But to see one's self so quickly forgotten by one's world—to be thrown with those one has,in other times,called 'friend,' and find——"

She interrupted herself with a short,hard laugh.

"We all have our burdens," he said, hardly knowing that he spoke.

He had dropped the oars, and was watching her with eyes full of yearning and regret.

"I was thinking," she continued, with the same mirthful laugh, "how odd it is that I should talk thus to him who was the first to give me oracular proof that 'rats leave a falling house.'

"Pardon me.

"You see I have acquired the bad habit of saying what I mean."

His face flushed hotly, and he was silent for a moment.

"We have both suffered!"

And his voice was very low and sad.

"You loved me then, Claire, thought you are careless and cold now.

"How much I loved you I never knew till now.

"Oh, Claire, if——"

"No more!" she said, putting up her hand in a gesture of deprecation.

"No more!

"Oh, Guy, I am not angry with you! See—I offer you my hand in forgiveness and farewell, for now we must never see each other again."

There came a strange stirring of wind from the west, where a dark cloud curtained the lingering glow of the departed sun, and the sea began to lift its breast and moan loudly.

But the two sitting in the rocking boat, and gazing into each other's eyes with the dumb fixity of utter misery, cast no fearful but looks around.

A white sheet of flame lit up the sky, and the fierce storm-king broke loose, and laughed and wailed around them.

The slender boat reeled and trembled at his stroke, and for an instant struggled gallantly with the mad and white waves.

From it there came a single cry, which arose above the wailing of the wind and sea.

"Claire—my love!"

An instant later, the storm-tossed spook had vanished from the waves.

The boat, frail toy of summer seas and sunshine, had borne its precious freight through the wild waters to the smoother sea of eternity.

WHEN Jennie Miles, age 16 years, was attacked the other night on a lonely street of New Haven by a burly negro she did not scream or faint. On the contrary, she stamped viciously on the negro's bare feet with her sharp boot heels, pulled big bunches of hair from his whiskers and finally tumbled him over a dyke into a stream of water and made her escape.

THOSE who promise themselves that from this hour forward they will never give circulation to a word of scandal, will live higher in the sight of their God than though they kept their knees blistered making prayers they never think of after they are made.

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To get an honest medical opinion in your case, if you are suffering from any chronic disease, as Consumption, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, etc. from DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, who are making wonderful cures with a new treatment for chronic diseases. Write to them and give a clear statement of your case. They will answer promptly as to your chances of relief under their new Vitalizing Treatment. It will cost you nothing, as no charge is made for consultation. If, however, you do not wish to consult them at present, drop a postal card asking for their pamphlet, in which you will get a history of the discovery, nature and action of their new remedy,and a large record of cases treated successfully. Among these cases you may find some exactly resembling your own.

New Publications.

Osgood & Co., of Boston, have just published Uniform with Rolfe's English Classics, Sir Walter Scott's famous poem, "The Lady of the Lake," as a students' edition, with many illustration. It has been splendidly edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M., Formerly head master of the high school, Cambridge, Mass., editor of "English Classics" (Shakespeare, Gray, Goldsmith, &c.) neatly bound in cloth, with red edges, 75 cents. It is unnecessary for us to speak either of the interest of the poem or the talented manner in which it has been treated. The editor has spent as much care and learning in preparing as in his famous "Classics," and this is the highest praise. For sale by Lippincott & Co.

A new publication which should be a success if merit deserves it, is called "The Commercial Travellers' Magazine." Its name sufficiently indicates its purpose. It is principally devoted to the general and particular interests of that extensive class known as "commercial travellers" but there is reading likewise that will well repay other readers. Some of the first writers in the country contribute to it, and in prose and poetry its articles are of more than usual excellence. Terms $3,00 per year, 25 cents per number. Published in Boston and New York.

The Cheapest Edition of the Waverley Novels ever published. The Waverley Novels, by Sir Walter Scott, complete for Three Dollars. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., have just commenced the publication of a new and cheap edition of The Waverley Novels, by Sir Walter Scott, which will be completed in Twenty-six Weekly Volumes, each volume being a novel complete in itself, and one volume will be issued every Saturday until the whole are published. Each book will make a large octavo volume have on it an Illustrated Cover, and will be sold at the low price of FifteenCents a volume, or Three Dollars will pay for the full and complete set of Twenty-six volumes and copies of any of the novels, or complete sets of the edition, will be sent to any one, post-paid, at these rates. This edition will be called, Petersons' Cheap Edition for the Million, and it will be the Cheapest Edition of the Waverley Novels published in the world, and it will contain all the Author's notes, as well as all his last corrections and additions. Remit Three Dollars to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, and they will then mail to you, at once, postpaid, as fast as issued, the full and complete set of Petersons' New and Cheap Edition for the Million of The Waverley Novels, in Twenty-six volumes, together with a Proof Impression of the best Portrait ever taken of Sir Walter Scott, gratis, suitable for framing.

MAGAZINES.

The August number of the English Magazine of "Forestry," contains an important article on American Forests, besides much other interesting matter relating to the subject. Price one shilling. Published, London, England.

The September issue of the *Popular Science Monthly* has the following contents: The Germ-Theory of Disease, The Chemistry of Cookery, Illustrated; Agricultural Experiment Stations, The Remedies of Nature—Asthma, Fire-Proof Building Construction, Illustrated; Ways of preserving Food, Insanity, by one who has been insane; The Little Missouri Bad Lands, Illustrated; Faculæ and Sun-Spots, Insects and Disease — Mosquitoes and Malaria, The Growth of Hygienic Science, Our Marriage and Divorce Laws, Woodland and Water-Course, How the Earth was Peopled, Primitive Map-Making, The Granule of Starch, Sketch of Sir William E. Logan, LL. D., F. G. S., with portrait; Correspondence and the several departments. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, N. Y.

AFTER MARRIAGE.—"You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better half in his gown and slippers.

"Why do you say that, Puss?" asked he.

"You do not caress me nor call me pet names; you no longer seek so anxiously for my company," was the tearful answer.

"My dear," continued the aggravating wretch," did you ever notice a man running after a car? How he does run over stones, through mud, regardless of everything, till he reaches the car; then seizes hold and swings on. Then he quietly seats himself and reads the paper."

"And what does that mean?"

"An illustration my dear. The car is as important to a man after he gets in as when he was chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have shot any one who put himself in my way when in pursuit of you, as I would now shoot any one who would come between us; but as a proof of my love you insist upon my running after the car."

OPEN rebukes are for magistrates and courts of justice. Private rebukes are for friends, where all the witnesses of the offender's blushes are blind and deaf and dumb.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.